THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CALL TO ORDER

DAYS of panic in investment circles, with Wall Street completely demoralized and a score of kindred exchanges following suit as heartily as possible, have revealed at least one or two interesting truths. The first is the extent to which a great mass of citizens have been relying upon speculation as a means for enlarging their incomes. Had there been no such widespread eagerness to share in a "rise," the psychology which has dominated one of the worst weeks in financial history would have been impossible. For months business leaders and statisticians have been frankly pessimistic about the outlook and may now treat themselves to the virtuous pose which accompanies a justified "I told you so." The extent to which normal investment aspects of securities had been ignored was evident from the circumstance that, while high-grade bond issues were selling most attractively, stocks in the spotlight were airplaning at prices utterly out of keeping with earnings or basic values. Billions of dollars were "created" through a simple process of bidding up paper to the dimensions of gold-tinted air castles.

It is, of course, impossible to estimate the effect of the collapse. Industrial and other economic conditions seem to be pretty much what they have been during recent years. Good and bad aspects of the situation have been maintained with relative steadiness, so that the "earnings" of prosperous corporations and enterprises should continue. But there has been a good deal of tampering with money, and most forms of credit have been affected. The result is obvious from the ineffectiveness as an influence upon public psychology of bankers' conferences held during the crisis. Since many banks had frankly encouraged speculation, even at a time when federal committees were somewhat boisterously advertising their alarm, it is not surprising that their words of good cheer during the storm failed to reassure anybody. And yet it is to the bankers that one must look for guidance in reorganized investment buying.

The public is committed to the market. This has become a field everybody considers himself entitled to till, in some small measure, and it is both useless and undesirable to harangue against the practice. But concerted warnings against the perils of inflation and mere gambling, if associated with judicious handling of credit, might introduce an element of design into what is now a fairly perilous chaos. Eventually few of us profit by wholesale individual failures, and the

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effect of the present disaster may prove to be far more significant than now appears. Americans have told themselves so frequently that "the country is sound" that it may not be out of place to suggest occasionally that this happy state, like other mundane blessings, is transitory.

There is also an interesting political corollary. Quoting Senator Tydings's remark that, since the Republican party has "the whole machinery of government" under control, it "must take the responsibility for things which have gone awry," the New York World supposes that the eminent spokesman for Maryland "intended to be nonsensical." "It is," says the World, "a reductio ad absurdum of the claim made in every election that this party or that party is solely responsible for whatever prosperity the country may enjoy. If anything is clear by now, it is that no party has anything to do with prosperity. Given reasonably responsible government, prosperity will take its own sweet course, rising, ebbing and rising again without reference to the decisions that are made in high places." Properly understood, that is a cargo of sound common sense which might desirably be shipped to more citizens than one could count in a day.

Reasonably responsible government! There are many things which a social agency can do for the general welfare. The matter of financial regulation is certainly one of them, and on the whole the government of the United States has acquitted itself excellently here. But recent events manifest a very saddening array of things government cannot do. How to inoculate citizens with sanity and caution, or even elementary horse sense, is a query it must leave unanswered. Sooner or later Congress will probably resound with debates regarding the proper method for increasing the available number of guardians. It is hardly reasonable to expect, however, that the whole supply of Colonel Sellerses can be suppressed. One's hope is merely that, eventually, some adequate plan for protecting the conservative investor can be devised.

WEEK BY WEEK

AFTER many weeks of silence President Hoover has issued a declaration on the tariff bill. His words breathed a simple hope. As a presidential candidate Mr. Hoover promised adequate protection to agriculture and to the industries where the changes in the economic situation demand assistance. This promise must be fulfilled and Mr. Hoover declared that he believed the tariff situation was not hopeless. Beyond this optimistic statement, the President could not go. Despite the overwhelming majority which swept him into the White House he is as helpless with Congress as Wilson was with the 1919-1920 session. Nor are the Republican leaders, so-called, any more capable of controlling a situation where they no longer hold the whip hand over the Progressive-Democrat coalition. Senatorial confusion is, in consequence, more disruptive than it has been for many years. Even that old fire horse, Senator Borah, finds himself in the anomalous position of leading the Republican revolt in a special session which he was most instrumental in convening. Out of the welter of cross-purposes and recriminations one fact emerges clearly. Congress is an inadequate machine for the fixing of tariff rates. The President has admitted that he "could not pretend to have the necessary information in respect to many thousands of different commodities which such determination (of details of rates or any compromise thereof) requires." Neither should ninety-six senators and four hundred odd representatives make such a pretension. The rate-making power should be in the hands of a competent commission—such a one as Alfred E. Smith proposed—which would be equipped with specialized information on all the necessary facts of industry and trade and could apply its knowledge with the influences of partizan politics lowered to the irreducible minimum.

What Can Mr. Hoover Do?

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY may fairly lay claim to being one of the oldest extant residents of New York City. Originally King's College, it came into being 175 years ago, which was considerably before General George Washington fought any battles in the vicinity. It is a pleasure to add one's congratulations to the flood of appreciation evoked by the current anniversary exercises, primarily because the university has become, under the guidance of President Nicholas Murray Butler, a powerful agent for reasoned tolerance. This spirit was manifest in the first of the public commemorative addresses, delivered by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes. Proudly averring that "when the tercentenary of King's College is celebrated, it will then be said that during the first quarter of the twentieth century, professional historians first began to understand that they were students of parts, of phases, of a vast human comedy of reality, infinitely grander and more tragic than anything which had ever before been fancied," the speaker went on to summarize changing attitudes toward the matter of history.

Columbia and History

THE chronicler of yore has learned much from other pursuits and sciences, thus weaning himself from inclinations to be cocksure. Economics has, of course, long since been the historian's ally. But "though we strive more and more to learn how man has reacted to his economic environment, historians as a class now certainly reject that form of the 'economic interpretation of history' which, a generation ago, envisaged man as a greedy automaton and his past as a proof of determinism." Psychology has come to the fore, "strengthening the historian's suspicion that man himself is the greatest of riddles" and encouraging more deft probing into motives and currents of feeling.

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Finally, the social sciences have greatly clarified the perspective. One may therefore conclude that historians are "gradually regaining the breadth of view which characterized the eighteenth century, although in a spirit which the historians of that century lacked —the spirit of humility." All of which is good news.

The Conviction of Fall

HAVING assisted at the curious spectacle of former Secretary Fall's conviction for having accepted a bribe which Mr. Doheny was juridically absolved from having given, one surmises that the ways of justice are curious indeed. In all such cases it is largely a matter of how judge and jury react to the legal talent employed, and in this case their impression seems to have been unfavorable. Regardless of how the matter is settled eventually, we believe that the process of electing Mr. Fall to the position of "sole goat" has gone too far. The government has never made any real effort to make plain just how the disposition of the notorious oil leases was effected; but enough has been said to prove that patriotic hysteria and bad administrative morale were heavily involved. If the problem is worth solving, it should be explored to the bottom and wrestled with manfully. Getting hold of the former Secretary of the Interior and fastening upon him the sole guilt is not a solution but a makeshift scarcely justified by what the public has been allowed to see of the evidence in the case. Of course we make no brief for Mr. Fall. He ought, at all events, to have known better.

Senator Wadsworth on Education

WE HAVE so consistently opposed the federalization of educational activity that we shall not be misunderstood when we say that the attack upon it recently delivered by former Senator James W. Wadsworth, speaking in Cleveland, seems to be mostly buncombe. "If you give the Congress a purse-string power over the schools, you must expect that body to discuss the whole gamut of school problems and step by step to take over their solution," was the gist of the argument. Mr. Wadsworth then went on to declare that the discussion would include debates on modernism versus fundamentalism, the menace of the Pope and the viciousness of the Darwinian theory; with the result that the schools would soon be "in the grip of a federal straitjacket." It is extremely unlikely that the nation as a whole would ever be more than amused by such debates, or that it would go as far in dictating educational programs as the several states have ventured. No citizen ought to forget that the bulwark of religious and other liberties lies in the federal constitution and the federal government. Opposition to federalization must remember that, while it marshals sound arguments based upon the competence, the cost and the desirability of a hypothetical Cabinet member devoted to pedagogy. Some day the country will try to solve the problem of "what ought to be taught" by setting up a frankly denominational school system—the only right way, and indeed the only possible way, out.

Instauratio Fidelium

IT WAS in the nature of things that the chief concern of the recent convention of the National Catholic Council of Men, held at Fort Wayne, Indiana, should have been "Catholic Action." His Grace, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, formulated the matter in an address which should do much to give practical content to what is now mostly a vague theoretical aspiration. The needs of the hour certainly demand lay expression and leadership far superior to what has been evoked, so that the Archbishop's appeal ought to get more than a cursory hearing. When one compares the resolutions adopted by the convention itself with the ideal thus outlined, a certain disappointment is in order. These stressed matters—birth control, centralization of educational control, peace and the Mexican situation—which have for years been staples in the national Catholic larder. But to wish for something new, something born out of the struggle of the hour and bright with hope, would mean expecting a virtual miracle we have not yet deserved. Meanwhile it is pleasant to note that the convention was genuinely successful, and that the list of speakers and delegates was brilliant with important names. The presence of the apostolic delegate added a tribute and a blessing long to be remembered.

Iceland Returns

IN THE reconstitution of the see of Iceland, the return of the island to an importance not based solely upon its history and ancient prestige is recognized. Almost four hundred years separate the recently consecrated Bishop Meullenberg from his predecessor, John Aranson the martyr. During most of this period, Iceland has had only a very obscure part in the world's affairs, being reduced from a nation of poets, scholars and explorers to a colony of fishermen. In modern times one of the strong supports of the nationalistic spirit has been an interest in Iceland's heroic past, and the desire to create its equal. Independence has been at last regained—there exists only a nominal allegiance to Denmark—and now the Church will be able to play its full part toward the reconstruction of a national culture and society.

The Court Settles It

CURIOUS cases at law sometimes involve far-reaching and interesting consequences. A recent example is the Supreme Court decision in a litigation between the archbishop of Manila, Philippine Islands, and Mr. Raul Rogerio Gonzales. Counsel for the defense included such eminent barristers as Mr. William D. Guthrie and Mr. George J. Gillespie; and counsel for the plaintiff was headed by Mr. Frederic R. Coudert. The dispute was over

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the right to a collative chaplaincy (that is, an endowed chaplaincy subject to ecclesiastical control) established in 1820 by a wealthy woman. Under the terms of the establishment, rights to inheritance of the appointment were vested in relatives and their heirs. Accordingly, the claim has been advanced in favor of Mr. Gonzales, who is only fourteen and whose father had relinquished the chaplaincy, that he is entitled to revenues from the foundation. Under the old canon law and custom, it was argued, his title could not well be challenged; and this reasoning was strong enough to win for the plaintiff a decision in one of the lower courts. Meanwhile the archbishop had appealed to the new "Codex Juris Canonici," which expressly provides that a collative chaplaincy cannot be given to anyone who is not an ordained cleric; and he further claimed that the case was properly one in which the civil courts had no jurisdiction. This last plea the Supreme Court denied, but rendered a verdict in favor of the archbishop.

THE Court's opinion is significant because it was probably the first time that an American tribunal expressly recognized the fact that the new codex has supplanted the old canon law. We note especially the following passage: "Among the Church's laws are those creating tribunals for the determination of ecclesiastical controversies. Because the present appointment is a canonical act, it is the function of the Church authorities to determine what the essential qualifications of a chaplain are and whether the candidate possesses them. In the absence of fraud, collusion or arbitrariness the decisions of the proper Church tribunals on matters purely ecclesiastical, although affecting civil rights, are accepted in litigation before the secular courts as conclusive, because the parties in interest made them so by contract or otherwise." The court also declared that neither the foundress of the chaplaincy "nor the Church authorities" could have intended that "the perpetual chaplaincy created in 1820 should, in respect to the qualifications of an incumbent, be forever administered according to the canons of the Church which happened to be in force at that date." For these and other reasons, the present case is likely to rank with Watson vs. Jones and other eminent decisions as a guide for future judgments in matters pertaining to the legal status of ecclesiastical corporations.

IT IS queer news that has just come out of Denmark. The Psycho-technic Institution wishes "to measure how much alcohol the average person of various classes of society can drink before becoming inebriated"; and likewise "to measure individual intelligence by comparing the results of alcohol on various persons." The experiment will last two months. So many volunteers have mobbed the Institution clamoring to demonstrate, in the interests of science, just how high their saturation point is, that one is forced to believe that that talent for heavy drinking of which Hamlet complained has lasted on among the Danes in an unbroken tradition to the present. But this makes the necessity of conducting a formal experiment difficult to understand. With such rich material on every hand for private observation, these scientists should know already all they can ever find out about this matter. We ourselves have been observing under unusually favorable conditions for the last decade, and we hereby offer them the answers to both of their solemn questions: First, in drink, all men are brothers; there is no more difference between class and class in spirituous capacity than there is in spiritual. Second, there is no ascertainable relation between individual intelligence and the results of alcohol. There is a relation between the results of alcohol and the quality of alcohol; but *that,* at least in our progressive country, depends not on what a man has in his head, but on what he has in his purse.

In Aid of Science

IF there actually were Americans who shivered behind the gate which Mr. Charles Evans Hughes and Mr. Frank B. Kellogg barred to the Count and Countess Karolyi, their fears were on a level with Mr. Thompson's recent perturbation over King George. Now Secretary Stimson has lifted the ban. By so doing he has acted in accord with public opinion, which never has countenanced an expulsion for which no valid explanations were given. It was courteous of Mr. Stimson to excuse, if somewhat feebly, the policy of his predecessors by declaring that in the past the State Department has acted in the Karolyi case on one set of facts while he was acting on another set. Just what these two sets were he did not disclose, although he did affirm his disapproval of making a mountain out of a molehill. Either the Count and Countess may be congratulated on having purified and redeemed themselves during the past four years, or else America must congratulate itself on the fact that its institutions are officially pronounced beyond danger from the efforts of individual agitators. There were few who believed that this country ever needed to be protected from such efforts; there were even fewer who believed that the Karolyis wished to involve themselves in Communistic or radical activities.

Enter, the Karolyis

HOW modern drama grew out of the liturgy of the Church is a subject about which there has been no end of speculation, and which is eminently practical once more, now that it begins to look as if drama must again seek ecclesiastical patronage or die. As the second of the lecturers on sacred art at the Pius X School, Professor Karl Young brought to an interested public the benefit of his vast knowledge of mediaeval plays. Contending first that "although there was a large number of symbolistic ceremonials, they do

Professor Young Lectures

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not lead us into the main current of dramatic development," the speaker offered an absorbing commentary on the "embroidering of the liturgy" which monks and poets of northern Europe undertook so passionately. It is not altogether commendable, this fanciful tampering with the classical serenity of the old texts; but it was the source from which a new art of literary expression derived. Professor Young described in detail the mediaeval ceremony of "depositio" and "resurrectio," as that was commonly executed in English convents and churches; the gradual trend toward impersonation in the handling of the Sequence to the Introit of the Mass for Easter; and the Passion plays preserved in a tenth-century manuscript, apparently rendered in a German Benedictine monastery. A lecture so rich in varied, dependable information is enough to make the series memorable. Professor Young is to speak again on November 15.

MR. SHAW must have definitely made up his mind that the talkies are all right some months ago, before he consented to appear in one. He is so peculiarly unlikely to consider his own person, or personality, a "corpus vile" that he cannot have approached the experience as a mere experiment. However, the terms on which he accepts this composite, and controverted, form of entertainment are just published in the Theatre Guild Magazine. In contrast with the acute anatomizations of our own critics, they are surprisingly kindly and general. The players must master "the special technique of motion, speech and song required for reproduction by instruments which greatly magnify and intensify them"; the producers must "know good work from bad"; and, for Shavian good measure, inventors of apparatus must be "drowned, shot, sent to St. Helena, or otherwise effectively excluded from the studios the moment they demonstrate the practicalities of their inventions." On the other hand, take Mr. Seldes's recent comment which, as it happens, develops a point made by The Commonweal last year. The talkies' chief, and almost insurmountable, problem, he says, is the divergence between its two mediums: one almost indefinitely fluid and illusory, the other static and exactly reproductive. This is so much to the purpose that, we should think, no intelligent producer can afford to disregard it. And until some common time unit is devised for the sequences which are designed to fool the eye and those which cannot possibly fool the ear, we advise Mr. Shaw not to turn The Apple Cart, or any other play, over to the vitaphones.

Advice to Mr. Shaw

AND while we are advising Mr. Shaw, it occurs to us to extend our counsels to another matter. He has lately suggested that he and his various philosophical opponents (Mr. Chesterton, for instance) might advantageously talk out their differences at a conference table. It would probably transpire, he feels, that the differences were not very real. If by this Mr. Shaw means—as one may fairly guess him to mean from the context—that it would probably transpire that the opposition to his particular views was not very real, we recommend him not to count on it. Mr. Chesterton deals with one of those views in the current issue of America—the view that the mysteries, and most of the consequent tragedies, of sex have been created by Christian morality: imposed, as it were, upon the natural innocence and unself-consciousness of man—and judging from the sample submitted, we should say that Mr. Chesterton's opposition is very real indeed. "The relation of man and woman was a thing made by God entirely for good, and twisted by man or the devil very largely to evil. In both extremes it remains a strange and mysterious matter, deeply involved in moral and metaphysical things. . . . The aged satyr is still pursuing a god, though it be no better than Pan or Priapus. . . . You cannot destroy the mystery of holy matrimony; you can only turn it into a mystery of iniquity. This . . . is attested by all actual human history and experience; in which many sages have sought in vain to achieve the innocence of the animals. For no man ever made a beast of himself; in a sense, he had no such luck." These are not precisely the faltering accents of the proselyte to the Religion of Nature. We should say that they give the champion of orthodoxy at about the top of his form. We advise Mr. Shaw not to bring the round-table conference off.

PROHIBITION in Canada has never been a dominion question, but one for the separate provinces to answer for themselves. At first they answered it in different ways, but now that they have been comparing the results of three systems, all operating within the dominion, they are all turning toward one solution. Most recently, Nova Scotia, comparing its prohibition with Ontario's government sale and control, has voted for the Ontario way; while Ontario, which has been trying out the control system after a decade of prohibition, has voted to retain it. In all Canada, only Prince Edward Island still holds to prohibition. The force of this example should not be lost on the United States. It is false to argue that the Canadian liquor problem differs very greatly from our own. Conditions in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan are similar to those in the northern tier of states; the residents of those provinces resemble their neighbors in the states more closely than those of Ohio and Michigan resemble those in Alabama. This is one reason why prohibition should never have been a subject for federal action. It may be a good thing for Georgia (although we doubt it) but it is certainly not a good thing for the people of New York, of Maryland, of Wisconsin and of other states, and they have said so repeatedly. Nothing is done about it because on this problem, unlike the provinces of Canada, the states have lost their right to be heard.

Victory for Modification

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AVIATION IS WEANED

ON OR about December 31, the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics will cease to exist, but no one interested in aviation is the least alarmed. For one thing it leaves no unfinished business behind it: the South, which does not yet have a school of aeronautics, will have one; the lighter-than-air theorists, largely neglected so far, will get their own institute at Akron; schools already founded will receive further endowments, and there is more than a half-million dollars with which to do this. The announcement does not come abruptly—it has been expected for a year, and aviation has had long enough in which to prepare to do without the Guggenheims. Then it has been understood from the first that the Fund should have only a temporary existence, intended simply to help American aviation off to the flying start it should properly have.

It is more likely that the importance of the Fund will be overestimated than underestimated. For in any discussion of airways progress in the United States, the work of the Guggenheims is the obvious thing to start with. It is not so easy to take account of other contributions to the field, obscure and scattered, but without the aggregate effect of which the Guggenheim millions might as well have been dumped into the sea. On the other hand, it is interesting to speculate along what lines American aviation would have developed without the Guggenheims. Possibly the air mail would be as active as it is today—this was inevitable; but it is likely that we should have had only the beginnings of our passenger service. The airplane might not be quite so safe as it is, and certainly we should not understand so well what needs to be done to make it safer. Perhaps the greatest achievement which can be credited to the Fund is that it has pointed the way for the development of an aerodynamically safe plane. The safety contests it sponsored are in direct contrast to the spectacular and stunting type of flying which has resulted in so many tragedies.

In few other causes could $4,000,000, distributed over a period of three and a half years, have gone so far, or meant so much. Given to a large university, it would have resulted in a group of dormitories, or a library, or a rather niggardly endowment for the professors. But in 1925 and 1926 aviation in the United States sorely needed encouragement. The skeleton of an air-mail system had been laid down, but there was no passenger service to speak of in comparison to what was already available in Europe. Passenger lines in Germany, France and England were maintaining regular schedules and doing a good business when passenger flying in the United States was still mostly a matter of sight-seeing excursions above the big cities. To the cause of aviation in this country, $4,000,000 was the difference between embarrassment and riches. In its comparatively easy state today, $10,000,000 would not mean so much.

Having done its best to make the airplane "safe, popular and regularly available," the Fund goes out of existence, and its end is simply a dramatic announcement of the fact that civil aviation is now able to fend for itself. Under the circumstances the departure of the Guggenheims will have its psychological advantage. The effect will be to stimulate the air-mindedness which the Fund has made into one of our national slogans. It is a good thing, for instance, that the special flights which have always been able to receive help from the Fund should look toward the aviation industry for financing. The industry itself needs no more coddling. The experiments and researches which the Fund has been conducting will be carried on in the schools established for that purpose, which should now begin really to be of service.

THE CARNEGIE REPORT

IN SEVERAL important respects, the Carnegie Foundation's report on American college athletics is a little old-fashioned and lame. Ten years ago, when competition between the colleges began to create a stir and larger crowds trekked to the stadiums, there was a great deal of resentful talk about the "hired halfbacks" of certain institutions. When Yale looked at the newspaper and found that a team from Titmarsh College had appeared overnight and was making touchdowns at a furious pace, the inference in New Haven was naturally that somebody had been buying up huskies. There was a quantity of truth in the charge. The number of young men who received a college education with all expenses paid in exchange for a season of glory under a well-salaried coach is almost as large as the public thinks it is. But conferences and individual schools worked earnestly to reform the situation. It became exceedingly bad form to hire athletes, or to countenance tangent forms of professionalism. What the Carnegie report actually amounts to is a commentary on the results of this reform movement.

It is interesting enough. Visits were paid to 130 colleges and secondary schools, and only a handful of these hegiras were in vain. Almost everywhere some evidence was unearthed to show that, though subsidizing has been painted in various mimetic colors, it is still flourishing. Sometimes payment is made in the form of a "scholarship." Now and then a "loan" is engineered which the principals speedily forget. Concessions are turned over to needy athletes, who can then thrive on the proceeds from chewing gum, programs, laundry and incidentals. Beneficent alumni propel tips from around the corner. More rarely does the athletic board itself establish a "scholarship fund" out of which the fullback takes his share. Of course it is a good thing that such facts, suspected by nearly everybody and well known to many, should be correlated in a document the authority of which is beyond question. The veracity of the report is proved, in-

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deed, by the comparative mildness of the charges now made.

One must be depressed, therefore, at the knowledge of how far a campaign for improvement has brought us. Many sincere, thoughtful and intelligent educators have tried hard to remove the moral taint from college sport. And if the governing bodies of our universities cannot succeed, what hope is there of improvement to come through a mere report? As a matter of fact, the problem must be approached from an entirely different point of view. Popular support has made football a real business proposition. If a team plays nine games before crowds averaging 70,000, it means that 630,000 people have paid in nearly two million dollars during a season. Deduct all expenses, and you have a net profit of $500,000 annually. It is impossible to expect that any college will, unless lavishly endowed, reject the oportunity to make that much money while other institutions stand ready to haul it in. Besides this direct profit, immense revenues accrue in the form of advertising values. The student bodies of not a few institutions have been built up almost entirely through the prestige of winning teams. And even if the colleges did abandon competitive sport entirely, the public demand for games would have to be satisfied somehow. The proceeds would merely be diverted to less worthy—and we shall add—less needy purses.

Now what does the athlete, the real producer in this case, get out of it? The Carnegie report has effectively summarized part of the answer. More than one out of every nine students who played college football during a given year was injured seriously, cases of permanent damage to the body or mind being far from rare. Add to this the general baneful effects of "intensive training" and long trips under great nervous strain, and you seriously damage the picture of young Apollo putting on new strength and beauty every minute. The intellectual damage done, however, is perhaps more important. During four months of the year the athlete is out of the running, scholastically speaking. He is so busy making money for his college that he is virtually without time to spend upon his own mind. Usually he is shunted into the snap courses, so that there will be less worry on his part or the coach's. Several obliging mentors have even rigged out schedules designed to make the academic progress of the quarterback easy and delightful. Many college officials know all this and are sorry. But every single effective protest they have tried to make has been answered by a decline in the student enrolment and a defection among the alumni. The public hopes the cheer-leader will be right but wants him, right or wrong.

It seems to us that the time has come to size up the situation practically. It is unfair to accuse the athlete of being "an accessory to chicanery" when his share in the football boom is vital and his reward virtually nil. He is promised an education, which he does not get. Bruised and mauled while clutching at a crown of glory (which lasts, on the average, two years beyond graduation) he takes chances with life and limb which fairly rival the ventures of the race-track. If he gets caught playing a game of summer baseball, his college presents him with a certificate of ineligibility, unframed.

Why, we ask, would it not be wiser, and infinitely more honest, to stop this fruitless endeavor to keep college football untainted, and frankly, honestly and fairly pay the men who fight the battles of the grid-iron? If the great conferences maintained their other rules—such as the three-year limit—and legislated that all moneys paid must come out of proceeds from games played, their example would render it virtually impossible to countenance violations of these standards. We even think that the percentage of profit accruing to the individual player ought to be fairly high. He deserves it; and in this and all other departments of human activity, we are in favor of a living wage. As a result, the colleges would keep on supplying the brand of sport which is now in demand, the moral tone of the whole business would be high, and there would exist no necessity for maneuvering a stellar tackle through courses which destiny in the first place had never intended he should take.

We regret as much as anybody that American collegiate life, necessarily one of the firmest barriers against materialism and barbarous mentality, should be put to the expedient of dishonestly slipping a youngster some greenbacks after dark. But for the present nobody can quash the demand for competitive games, or even talk seriously of depriving the coach of his salary. It is even impossible that when the team has rushed to the fray from the showers, conscience should make cowards of them all. The most that one can hope for is a practicable remedy which will release the undergraduate mind from the false pressure of shouting done on Saturday afternoons by 70,000 assembled throats. The glare of this limelight puts the student eye completely out of focus. His hero-worship takes a route divergent from all the hopes toward the fulfilment of which paternal checks are devoted. What a dead language is Pindar to a youth concentrating upon a yell! Intensify the situation by surrounding the whole football transaction with a veil of easily divined financial mystery, and you have a "moral influence" of an exceedingly curious kind.

Play the game, but play it in a fashion which is now the only possible fair fashion. Let the undergraduate understand that his team is getting paid in the same way as any hard worker is paid. Let the alumnus cease his private subsidies and tranquilly endure the fact that the route of athletic revenue is through the box-office. We believe this policy could, in time, do a lot for everybody—and incidentally for the college president, doomed to regret with a serious mien what he must essentially regard as very comic and exceedingly regrettable.

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MR. SMITH EXPLAINS

By WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE

Though the last national campaign produced a long list of defeated candidates, there were just two outstanding victims of political misfortune: ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith and ex-Senator William Cabell Bruce. We think it will be universally admitted that the first was one of the most notable of all governors, and that the second was one of the most able and scholarly in the long roster of senators. Anyhow, what follows is a review of Up to Now, Mr. Smith's autobiography, done with real insight and verve. The book has been published by the Viking Press, New York.—The Editors.

THERE are few severer tests of human character than an autobiography. It was such a book, perhaps, that Job had in mind when he said, "Behold, my desire is that mine adversary had written a book." Pretty much all the moral shortcomings imputed to Franklin are referable to the remarkable candor with which he laid bare, in his autobiography, the errors of his early life; mainly, it is but fair to him to say, for the noble purpose of making a beacon of himself for the guidance of his fellow-creatures. On the other hand, autobiography has been oftener used as an agency for self-laudation; and sometimes, in part, even as a means of pillorying an object of personal animosity or dislike before the eyes of posterity.

Of Up To Now no higher praise can be uttered than to say that it is almost faultlessly true to those moral, intellectual and social characteristics which have made its author such a conspicuous and popular figure of our day. Deeply engraved upon the pages of his book, as upon his life, are to be found the frankness, the sincerity, the honesty, the courage, the manly simplicity of thought and conduct, the loyalty to high religious and domestic ideals, the public spirit and the almost flawless affinity for the enlightened side of political controversies, which bore him four times to the executive chair of the great state of New York, and made him the candidate of one of our two leading national parties for the highest office in the gift of his countrymen.

Alfred E. Smith was born at 174 South Street, in New York City, on December 30, 1873 and rarely in our history have our free institutions worked a greater miracle of self-promotion than in his case. His father was an East Side truckman, and his mother, the native daughter of Irish emigrant parents, was, at the time of her marriage, an umbrella maker. Both were admirable illustrations of the moral worth that is found in "the short and simple annals of the poor," especially when irradiated by a deep religious faith, as well as in the history of human beings blessed with a larger share of material good fortune. There must have been something truly sterling in the character and reputation of the man of whom, when the proceeds of his honest and industrious life were totally consumed by long illness and almost complete physical disability, his son could record: "The bill for his funeral was paid by his many friends." As for Governor Smith's mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, it is easy to see, after reading Up to Now, to what training much that is best in him should be attributed; and the influence, exerted over him by his mother, it is safe to say, derived its chief inspiration from the altar, at Saint James's Catholic Church, at which Smith served for a time as an altar boy after he became ten years of age.

It is a grim picture that the son paints of the evening of the day of his father's funeral. His mother, his sister and he returned from the occasion to the cold and cheerless little flat on Dover Street. He kindled the fire in the kitchen stove, and after a hurriedly prepared dinner, his mother and he repaired to the home of the forewoman of the umbrella factory, in which his mother had been employed before her marriage. There, happily, she was again taken into the employment of the factory. Later, the family purchased the stock and fixtures of a small candy and grocery store, the earnings of which were sufficient to defray the school expenses of the boy. After school hours he sold newspapers between four and six o'clock, and after dinner he attended to the wants of the store customers until bedtime. When he was not quite fifteen years of age, he left school before graduation, and became a truck-chaser along the city water-front, at $3.00 a week. Then he became an assistant shipping clerk and youthful factotum, in an oil establishment, at $8.00 a week, at the same time adding to his income by different forms of night work; then an assistant in the Fulton Fish Market at $12.00 a week; a shipping clerk, in the plant of the Davison Steam Pump Works, in Brooklyn; and then a process server in the office of the commissioner of jurors.

All this meant, of course, the hardest sort of hard work; but Smith, with his brave, jocund and enthusiastic nature, contrived somehow to soften toil, from first to last, with no small measure of recreation and amusement. As a boy, he swam and dived in the East River with the careless ease of a wild duck; coasted; built up a menagerie consisting of a West Indian goat, four mongrel dogs, a pert parrot and an impish monkey; hung about the wharves, to which the great ships came, with their alien cargoes, from the seven seas, and drank in all the pyrotechnic and other spectacles of the mighty water-girt Babylon. Occasionally, as a boy, he went with other members of his family to Coney Island or Staten Island; or accompanied his father to the Atlantic Garden to listen to the songs and jokes, and to witness the clog dancing of vaudeville perform-

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ers; and to drink chocolate and eat huge slices of cake, while his father drank beer. As he grew older, he contracted the passion for loitering about fire-engine houses and running to fires, which almost every healthy-minded city boy experiences more or less, and as he grew still older, he formed equally strong predilections for other things that do not appeal to every city boy; that is to say, for recitations and amateur theatricals.

It was an extraordinary young fellow, indeed, who could bear so manfully and faithfully such burdens as the youthful Smith bore, and yet light-heartedly move about singing, as we are told he can still sing:

> The Brooklyn Bridge on Sunday is known as lovers' lane,
> I stroll there with my sweetheart, oh! time and time again;
> Oh! how I love to ramble, oh! yes, it is my pride,
> Dressed in my best, each day of rest, with Danny by my side.

It was inevitable, of course, that a young man on the East Side who knew no keener enjoyment than that of driving a team of horses attached to a fire engine, should be drawn into politics. Indeed, as Smith says, all men, young and old, in that part of New York leaned quite naturally toward politics, if for no other reason than because the salary of even a policeman or a fireman was higher than that of most bank clerks. At that time, as now, Democratic Tammany Hall was deeply entrenched in power on the East Side, and the political chowders, picnics, ox roasts and charitable doles by which its disciplined and skilful organization, masterfully directed by such district leaders as Big Tim Sullivan and Thomas F. Foley, was popularized, are graphically brought home to us in the book under review. From it we learn that Smith began his career as a political speech-maker before he was old enough to vote; not, however, as an adherent of Tammany, but as an outraged supporter of an independent Democratic candidate for Congress, Tim Campbell, whom he believed to have been unjustly deprived of the regular nomination to Congress by Richard Croker, the boss of Tammany Hall.

Fortunately for Smith, his independence coincided in point of time with the general anti-Tammany movement, which resulted in the election of William L. Strong as mayor of New York, and led to Smith's appointment, through the influence of a friend, Henry Campbell, as a process-server in the office of the commission of jurors—a position, which, he tells us, afforded him the opportunity of meeting all kinds of people, from the small store-keeper in Fordham, to the broker and banker in Wall Street. The sequel was what we might well expect. After passing through a period of proscription, as an insurgent, at the hands of Patrick Divver, the Tammany leader of his district, Smith became an active member of Tammany Hall, acquired the position of an election district leader, gave his support to Thomas F. Foley at a memorable Foley-Divver primary battle, and was afterward, by the grace of Foley, elected to the New York Assembly.

When he went to Albany, his life had been so wholly urban that he had never seen a forest, and his familiarity with legislation was so limited that, speaking of his first session at Albany, in his autobiography, he says: "I did not at any time, during the session, clearly know what was going on." But it did not take that alert, ambitious, honest and invincibly rational young delegate long to win a high place for himself in his new environment. He set himself steadfastly to the task of mastering the legislative procedure of the Assembly and the business of the state of New York; and with signal success. Repeatedly nominated and reëlected to the Assembly, his legislative career of twelve years' duration did not end until he had become the minority leader of that body, when his party was in the minority, its majority leader when his party was in the majority, and at one time its speaker. And these positions were won by him not more by virtue of his quick wit, his social charm and his solid abilities than of the fearless independence of character which enabled him, in the discharge of his public duty, to see all aspects of public questions with a vision unrefracted by fear or favor.

In 1914 he was elected to represent his senatorial district in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915, to which Senator Elihu Root brought his powerful intellect and kindling imagination, as chairman, and in which the floor leaders of the Democrats and Republicans, respectively, were Judge Morgan J. O'Brien and George W. Wickersham, former attorney-general of the United States. Of the manner in which Smith distinguished himself in this imposing assembly, it is enough to say that it led Root to declare that Smith was the best informed man on the business of New York in it.

In the fall of 1915, Smith was elected to the office of sheriff of New York. At that time, this office was perhaps the most luscious plum that grew on the boughs of the patronage plum-tree anywhere in the United States. It carried a salary of $12,000 a year, and one-half of the fees collected by its incumbent, which, for the two years of Smith's tenure, amounted approximately to $105,000—a much needed windfall.

In 1917 Smith was elected president of the Board of Aldermen, an office of much more moment in the public estimation then than now. Indeed, Smith himself states rather ruefully that then every man, woman and child knew the alderman; but that several years ago, when two women who called on him to complain of the nuisance created by an ash dump in their district, were referred by him to their alderman, one of the benighted pair exclaimed: "Oh! Have *we* an alderman?"

All these honors were bearing Smith to the highest office of all in the state of New York. In 1918 he was elected governor of that state, and entered upon the career as its chief executive which continued, with a single interruption of two years caused by his defeat as a candidate for reëlection, on the Democratic "dies irae" of 1920, until his defeat as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, in 1928.

Of the achievements of Smith as governor it is, of

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course, impossible to speak in detail in a brief paper. That they were, both in spirit and results, such as justly to point him out as one of the most useful and fruitful governors that the United States has ever known, few will deny. In his attitude toward great public questions we can discern none of the cramping limitations that usually go along with sparse educational opportunities in early life. Though as a rule hampered, when governor, by the fact that his party did not have the undivided control of the Assembly, he yet contrived, by the breadth, the soundness and the disinterestedness of his views in relation to matters of state policy, to secure a degree of support for his executive programs from his own party and the people of New York generally, and from such eminent Republican leaders as Root, Hughes and Wickersham, that enabled him sooner or later to carry into execution most of the public aims upon which his heart was earnestly set. It is said that a Quaker member of the Colonial Assembly of Pennsylvania once asked of an acquaintance, when Franklin was a member of that Assembly, too: "Friend Joseph, didst thee ever know Dr. Franklin to be in a minority?" So some Quaker might have also asked, when Smith was governor of New York, "Friend, didst thou ever know Governor Smith to be on the wrong side of a public question?"

A bare enumeration of the political and social reforms to which he addressed himself, with rare intelligence and single-minded devotion, during his terms of office as governor, suffices to show why he was given the place in the confidence of the people of the state of New York and of the United States, which led the 1928 National Democratic Convention to believe that, like Saul, the son of Kish, he was from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people. The short ballot, the radical reorganization of the New York state government, the executive budget, the extension of the term of the governor of New York from two to four years, the abolition of war-scare legislation involving oppressive violations of personal liberty, the expulsion of Socialist members from the New York Assembly, the repeal of the corrupting Mullen-Gage State Enforcement Prohibition Act, improvements in the labor laws, extensions of the Workmen's Compensation Act, the public health, child welfare, park extensions, housing shortages, rent-profiteering abuses, hospital needs, educational reforms, state development of water power resources—these are some, but only some, of the public matters with which Smith had to deal when governor of New York. And while he was not successful in writing his views, with respect to all of them, into the constitution, laws or practice of the state of New York, he can be truly affirmed to have brought to the consideration of them all, according to their several requirements, a rich wealth of generous sympathy, humanitarian zeal, public spirit and sane thinking, which won for his efforts a remarkable measure of accomplishment, and placed him in the very first rank of able state executives.

Nor can one single respect be cited in which his conduct as governor was ever influenced or colored by sectarian considerations unworthy of the noble creed in which, in 1927, in his reply to Charles C. Marshall, he declared his belief in absolute freedom of conscience for all men; in the equality of all churches, all sects and all beliefs; in the absolute separation of church and state, and in the support of the public schools as one of the corner-stones of American liberty. Never have the public school and social welfare interests of the state of New York flourished more vigorously than under his executive oversight. "Nothing could have been more splendid," John M. Glenn, the head of the great Russell Sage Foundation of New York City, said to the writer of this paper a year or so ago, "than Governor Smith's administration of all the social welfare activities of the state of New York."

With such a record as that made by Smith as governor, it was but natural that his successful opponent at the gubernatorial election of 1920, Governor Nathan L. Miller, should appoint him a member of the Port of New York Authority; that Charles E. Hughes should declare that, if we had the customs of other lands, Smith would long ago have been elevated to a peerage; that Woodrow Wilson should appoint him a member of the National Board of Indian Commissioners, and that, from the close of his first administration as governor, he should steadily assume larger and larger proportions in the eyes of the people of the United States. The enormous pluralities that he received on several occasions as a candidate for the governorship of New York, were sufficient in themselves to make him the presidential choice of his party.

In 1920 he was already sufficient of a presidential possibility to be placed in nomination as a candidate for the Presidency, at the San Francisco Convention of the National Democratic Party, by that consummate orator, W. Bourke Cochran; and it was at the close of Cochran's brilliant speech on this occasion, if I am not mistaken, that for the first time delegates to a great political assemblage from every part of the United States heard the strains of that infectious melody, The Sidewalks of New York, which Smith, with humorous exaggeration, tells us that he himself has heard probably a million times since that day. In the Klan-bedeviled National Democratic Convention in New York, in 1924, Smith loomed up a far more powerful candidate for the Presidency, of course, than in 1920; with the result that, long before the convention of 1928 met at Houston, the universal impression made upon the mind of the American people by his administrative genius, his illustrious public services, his unique background, his captivating personality and his sterling moral attributes had rendered his nomination to the Presidency almost a foregone conclusion.

Everywhere except in the sullen walks of sectarian bigotry or distempered fanaticism, his had become a name cherished by every Democrat, and his figure one that needed but to be seen in vast concourses of human

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beings to be greeted with a wild acclaim and a passionate enthusiasm that no political leader in the history of the United States, except Henry Clay, had ever before excited. After Smith had been nominated at Houston, it was frequently said by his party opponents that, while he had evidenced an insight little less than marvelous into the problems of the state of New York, there was no reason to believe that he had the familiarity with our national problems to qualify him for the great office of President. But hardly had this disparagement been uttered when, in a series of campaign speeches marked by the highest degree of versatility, vigor and vividness, he displayed as strong a grasp upon all the momentous issues involved in prohibition, the tariff, farm relief, the conservation of our natural resources, the federal oil scandals and the federal guarantees of religious freedom, as if they had for years been the subject of his daily thoughts. He was defeated, and so far as his defeat was compassed by snobbery, monstrous lies about his personal habits, unreasoning distrust of Tammany Hall, religious bigotry, blind as the loathsome adder in August, and prohibition extremists, too crackbrained to draw the line between the use and the abuse of God's gifts; defeated under circumstances which were not so much a blow to him as to time-honored American principles of personal liberty and religious freedom. But, just as that English father said that he preferred his dead son, Oswald, to any living son in England, there are not a few of us fifteen million voters, that voted for Smith in 1928, who would not far rather go down into the dust of honorable disaster with his dancing plume than unite in any paean that ever celebrated a victory, however complete.

Up to Now is a readable, inspiring book that might well be placed in the hands of every youth in the land. It is the joint composition of Alfred E. Smith and Al Smith; of the statesman and administrator; of the vivacious, magnetic, affectionate and intensely human being, instinct with love for his city, for his state, for his country, for his friends, and for the devoted wife and companion who has come up hand in hand with him to his present high position in the life of our country, and who accepted the greatest disappointment of her and his life with a simple, "It's God's will"; for his children, for his children's children, and for the ancient Church which has ever kept the deeper roots of his being refreshed with its sweet, living waters. Rarely has anyone written his own life in a spirit freer from malice or unkindness, or shrinking less from unreserved self-revelation. Smith gives a dig or so to William Randolph Hearst, to be sure, and he pithily sums up William J. Bryan as a politician in the statement: "Bryan did the thing that helped Bryan." But, practically, that is all. Democrat as he is, he acknowledges in the frankest manner that, balanced as party strength was in the state of New York, he would never have been of the service that he was to that state but for the aid afforded him by liberal Republicans.

In concluding Up to Now, Smith says: "I have tried to make it a plain story of a plain, ordinary man, who received, during his lifetime, to the fullest possible extent, the benefit of the free institutions of his country." To this we need but add "and has fully repaid it."

The Pagans

If these dried hearts indeed forget
That holy dew on dusty floor,
The Four Saints strong about the bed,
The God that dies above the door;

Such mysteries as might dwell with men,
The secret like a stooping face
Dim but not distant; and the night
Not of the abyss, but the embrace;

That only dream that ever dared
To carve upon the face of fate,
The colossal face that fills the sky,
A grief that was compassionate—

If these dear riddles seem but dumb
That once were rather loved than known,
The awful cry of God to God
Mad echoes round a man alone.

The Cross a trinket and a trick,
That blinding triangle of truth
Turning through aeons unbegun
Reverberant loves of age and youth.

Let them go forth, go far, and fling
Deserts between them and desire,
Drop down the past and find the first
Cold chaos ere that seed of fire.

Go where the graven gods of fear
Flat-eyed like fishes glare and gape,
Or dim against the revolving void
The shapeless took a shameful shape.

Grope through a sunless dawn and see,
Heaved high against the bursting blue
In piles the heavens might hardly hold,
The huge half-truth the heathens knew.

From the high terraces of the dead
Look on the dead discoloring dawn,
The flat-faced rocks, the livid land,
Where the scrawled likeness first was drawn.

Only the comfort shall be taken
Only the mysteries shall remain;
When in blunt blinded scripts of eld
Your nursery riddle speaks again.

Where choked by hairy cactus-fingers
Or sea-blue weeds like crakens curled,
One sculptured scene of sacrifice
Betrays the password of the world.

Carved as one awful threefold flower
Triple and cloven and yet alone,
The priest, the victim and the god
Wear the same smiling face of stone.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

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BELOW THE BOOK

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

EVEN Mephisto, pledged to a series of resounding nays, would hardly question the immediacy with which social phenomena and literature interlock. He might very properly observe, however, that the literary effectiveness of any given form of social pressure depends upon quite arbitrary gusts of fashion. In the United States, for instance, nearly a hundred thousand Christian clergymen influence in varied ways the population of about one-half the country; and yet all of their interest and sincere effort cannot avail against a steady stream of pagan books. Some of them write manfully themselves, and are read by one another with reverence. But their speech (and so the speech of Christian civilization) reaches a deaf generation. Education is in much the same plight. When you consider the numberless fledglings of the campus, at least relatively eager for morsels of learning, you might well suppose that a volume by Professor Haskins, or a new essay by Joseph Warren Beach, would run through more editions than the daily ticker. But it is sadly a matter of fact that most eminent authorities continue to help defray publishing costs—quite in the manner of poets, though these are fortunate sometimes and hit upon a benevolent bookman. And the novelists? Even the Harper Prize has latterly gone to Julian Green, a Frenchman of sombre inclinations, who can possess scarcely a notion of those Pittsburgh smokes and Carolina shooting-matches in which the nation ought logically to hunt for its portrait.

Perhaps these facts mean something. To me it is inconceivable, at any rate, that American civilization should be the first to combine virility with inexpressiveness. We listen to many voices hopeful of accent; and though some of these are drowned out in the furious roar of print, the best grow futile and shaky in so brief a while that, one concludes, a subtle form of spiritual laryngitis must be at work. I was led to consider the matter in the wake of a contrast between many people I had met in a great middle-western city and the newspaper which they read of a morning. These people are very much alive, intelligent and magnanimous, uniting a dash of irony with a genuinely religious earnestness in the true manner of cultivated men and women. As for the newspaper, it is lowbrow and arrogant, materialistic and self-satisfied—an advertising medium sprinkled with crime news, household hints and biased editorials. But after all, I shall not malign the Middle-West. Here in New York, an earnest letter from the beloved Cardinal was being read from many Catholic pulpits, warning against the perils of obscene books. Then the crowds of people eager to live nobly, with their gaze fastened upon that image of sacrifice which Christianity proposes as a clew to the destiny of man, went out to buy newspapers. And one saw that many took with them sheets which have literally introduced pornography into daily American journalism; that others would spend the rest of the morning poring over papers from which all pretense to intelligence or beauty had been vacuum-cleaned. And I went off to think of the folly of writing a book for these people. Yes, the absolute foolhardiness involved in the attempt to bring out anything between covers which should express the vitality of Christianity in America!

For why should anyone believe that 300 pages of text, neatly bound in green or red, were destined to be of the slightest importance? One's friends buy the thing out of sheer magnanimity; one's enemies borrow a copy to see if microscopic scrutiny will not reveal something construable as error—of theology or grammar. And somewhere, of course, an ardent young spirit will thrill in response, little dreaming that its yearning to write a similar book, some time, will lead it fatefully astray from that career in bonds for which all substantial citizens are born. Nor is this situation at all specifically Catholic. Years ago McCready Huston used to talk, in his nice enthusiastic way, of a change in "literary taste" which was bound to bring a finer idealistic realism back into favor. Well, McCready Huston is still waiting for the change. He will wait, as far as I can see, until doomsday.

And the reason? Because the book is now absolutely unimportant. Time was when an octavo volume could change the world, and I believe that once in a while a novelist or philosopher is still effective in Europe. The American book, bluntly speaking, has no bottom. Our country is industrial, its mind and its belly are fed by business. Within two generations this state of affairs has made itself abundantly evident in literature through the creation of a magazine journalism which is one of the marvels of history. This journalism does tingle with vitality. Its fiction portrays the problems which are bothering John Henry, and outlines colorfully the temptations with which Susan is now and then beset. Never a week goes by minus its prodigal supply of philosophies which are good enough for successful chaps and so can be recommended without a qualm to the bookkeeper. It is all a journalism possessing a vast amount of decorum mingled with a consciousness of the delights of sin and a thirst for pseudo-scientific bilge. I think it averages pretty high. A great deal better than the English magazines of the nineties, it puts the "lowbrow press" in France or Germany to shame.

But the truth about this journalism is that it cannot endure the test of book publishing. Put these machine-made serials and homespun doctrines between

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covers, and even a stenographer can tell she is not getting her money's worth. That is one reason why the book club is an eminently necessary cultural phenomenon. It supplies a magazine-reading public with literature it cannot find in magazines. While the poor old publishers are waddling around in a sea of brand-new volumes, wondering how to get to shore, the book club fastens the spotlight upon some one tome and solves the problem. And I think that, in the long run, this will prove to be true: the more remote the club's choices are from the normal magazine-reading interests of the American public, the more successful they will be. A Catholic book club will thrive, for instance, if it picks works which are not identifiable with any hitherto known forms of Catholic literature. Mr. Canby's organization will doubtless publish none but foreign authors, eventually, instead of issuing a native product now and then in the current patriotic fashion.

How, you will ask, shall we get a literature? And the answer is very simple. By building up a magazine journalism the products of which can endure a literary test. During the years centered round the war, the Bookman and the New York Times Book Review welcomed definitely Catholic participation, because—for one reason—Rheims had been bombarded and "lovely old French things" were being admired. And we got, as a result, the first real Catholic "movement" in American poetry. We got the beginnings of a Catholic criticism. We even got a national poet hero—Joyce Kilmer. These are now things of the past. Let us consider, however, the more general fields. Not so many years ago, Stuart Sherman was writing for the Nation, Van Wyck Brooks and his group were editing the Freeman, the Dial was publishing verse, and Mr. Mencken was drilling away jovially in the Smart Set. Every single one of these mediums brought to light not merely a series of good editorials and essays, but a virile tendency in criticism, a new direction in the art of fiction, a poetry renaissance, a fresh and independent intellectual position. Now all these have gone to join the shades, with the periodicals which summoned them forth. Mr. Canby, we are informed, is presiding over an office force; and Mr. Mencken is working a favorite old mine to the last chunk of ore. Enshackled individualism only survives from once corporate effort. And it has been decreed that during November 90,000 odd folk will read a novel piping hot from Moscow!

It is, however, the especial mission of this magazine to present points of view interesting to Christianity. I therefore return to the charge. The laws of writing are evident and eternal. Squeezing hard has never made a culture any more than boiling hominy has produced wine. All the good-will of the clergy and the laity—even the hypothetical appearance of a hundred masterpieces—will mean nothing so long as they are without roots in active public opinion. Whether we actually want a Christian culture in the United States, is, of course, a question I shall not attempt to answer. Sometimes the evidence against the presence of any such desire seems pretty strong. Overwhelmed by bickering and bravado, by moral crusades sundered from humble contemplation, by merely smart apologetic which rankles in the other man's bosom like a scimitar, the struggling human soul might well be tempted to creep aside and marvel in its shell. But, assuming that we do yearn for such a culture, can anything be done?

Unquestionably it can. But not by dropping a book into a herd of bewildered books. Not either by evoking an isolated scholar, though the scholar is vitally needed. It can be done only by following the counsel of history and creating a literary journalism dedicated to the kindred interests of civilization and religion. Differing from the newspaper as such quite as distinctly as the run of secular journalism differs from cultural writing, it would at present meet with little virile competition. Money alone can never bring such a reality into being. There must exist an antecedent core of spiritual earnestness corporately manifested. There must accompany it a steady urge to ascend the ladder of convictions. Now, granted a vigorous Christian group—or let us say more specifically a vigorous Catholic group—such an earnestness and such an urge can be developed. At this point, however, the layman pauses. He knows that granted sufficient time, energy and money he could "advertise" this journalism widely enough to guarantee for it at least a tentative existence. But he realizes quite as fully that the clergy could do more in a week for such a cause than he can in ten years. It is, in the Catholic field, once more a case of "Catholic Action."

For the present it must suffice to say that all hopes for the emergence of a triumphant Christian culture, and all dreams of the victory over antagonistic philosophies, converge upon this point. Supply the literary journalism, basic to the book, and the foundations of success have been laid. Omit that and nothing can be done. Grant to me an active audience of 100,000 people for this kind of writing (and the figure is not higher than it ought to be) and I will create a Catholic literature. Nor is this, in the very least, personal advertising. Anybody could.

A Breffne Caoine

Not as a woman of the English weeping over a lord
of the English
Do I weep—
A cry that scarcely stirs the heart!
I lament as it is in my blood to lament:
Castle and stronghold are broken
And the sovereign of the land beside the lake lies dead—
Mahon O'Reilly—
In his day the English were broken!
I weep beside Lough Sheelin and the day is long
and grey!

PADRAIC COLUM.

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ASPECTS OF PUBLICITY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

What is propaganda? And what is legitimate publicity? The following reply to these absorbing questions takes for its text this remark which was made by Mr. Will Hays: "Things don't happen; they are brought about." Drawing upon a lifetime of experience in varied forms of journalism, Mr. Williams sifts the good from the bad, the civically healthful from the damage-doing. This paper is the first of a series which will treat of the whole subject in an endeavor to establish certain fundamental practical conclusions. The next one will discuss especially the need for Catholic publicity.—The Editors.

THE preposterous Shearer case let loose a flood of publicity about publicity. The cutting short of the scandalous investigation of the "big navy drum" so that the country might have some attention to give to Prime Minister MacDonald's small navy plea, was merely a pause between the acts, not by any means the ending of the sensational melodrama. It will now be resumed, with the other show staged by the Senate Judiciary Committee—the investigation of lobbying and lobbyists—rivaling it for front page space. The American Legion is "demanding" of the Senate that it extend the investigation of propaganda in its relation to naval activities from Mr. Shearer and the shipbuilding companies who hired him, to include the activities on behalf of small navies, or of none, carried on by a large number of organizations and, according to the Legion, "tending to weaken the national defense." The Legion wants to know who pays the bills for these pacifist campaigns, and why. At the same time as all these investigations and demands for further investigations are going on, the newspapers and magazines also find space for many editorials or special articles dealing with diverse aspects of the general theme. Not since Martin Luther advertised that he had thrown his inkpot at the devil has the art and mystery of publicity attracted so much attention to itself.

Mr. Will Hays, propagandist-in-chief for the moving picture industry, is credited by Mr. Mark Sullivan, one of the foremost journalists of today, with the authorship of the best definition of propaganda-publicity so far formulated. Mr. Hays once remarked that "things don't happen; they are brought about." As Mr. Sullivan points out, Mr. Hays was speaking not as a mere theorist, but as a high and successful expert, for he is one of the most experienced bringers about of things now functioning. Not to speak about his political manipulations of public opinion, Mr. Hays is responsible for stemming the tide of public opinion which a few years ago was running so strongly in the direction of strict censorship of the films. This tide itself had been set in motion, not by some mystical, spontaneous operation of "the will of the people," but by propaganda and publicity organizations set up and financed by certain "moral reform" movements. In the struggle between the two organized forces, Mr. Hays and his organization so far have prevailed.

Mr. Sullivan goes to the root of the matter concerning propaganda and publicity when he says that "there is no such thing as the will of the people in the sense of a spontaneous force intelligently self-directed." I believe that no man who has had much practical experience in journalism or politics or, in fact, any kind of public affair, would disagree with him. Even such a thing as a mob rising, whether a lynching party, or a slave revolt, or a revolution, cannot happen and never has happened of and by itself. It must be brought about by some leader or group of leaders, and directed in the same way. In any democratic, or even semi-democratic society, practically every form of human activity must be "brought about" by individuals or groups set apart from the rest of the people for precisely that purpose. Today in Washington there are known to be some six hundred organizations and individuals whose work is to bring about or to influence national legislation. Every state capital in the country shows the same thing, in lesser degree. Many of the lobbying organizations at Washington are also represented in the state capitals. It is estimated that it would take about two years for the Senate Committee which is now investigating this matter merely to inquire into a small part of the enormous and complex workings of the lobbyists.

What will such an investigation reveal that will be publicly helpful? Mr. Mark Sullivan reports that "the prevailing mood of Washington wonders somewhat sceptically what will come of it." This scepticism prevails elsewhere, being shared by most people who really know anything about the inner workings of journalism, politics, business, in fact, all public affairs. As Mr. Sullivan goes on to say:

> Nobody expects from any quarter any revelation more incredible than the employment of William B. Shearer by the shipbuilding companies. Neither does anybody expect any disclosures of lobbying on as large or as well-organized a scale as already has been revealed by the Federal Trade Commission's investigation of the power companies.

Even should these disclosures be eclipsed by more shocking ones—what can be done about it? Such investigations happen, or are "brought about," exciting and disgusting public opinion for a while; then the flurry of excitement passes away till something else happens or is "brought about"; leaving the condition that has been "investigated" still doing business, though not always at the same old stand, or with the methods that provoked the investigation. Out of the

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investigation of lobbying, for example, there may come, according to Mr. Sullivan, "a law which shall require registration by lobbyists and disclosures of their employers." But passing, or even enforcing a law, does not of itself cure the evil to correct which the law has been made. The lobbyists would cheerfully register their names, if the law so required. They would report who employs them, who pays their expenses and salaries. All the reputable ones which exist for purposes which cannot be condemned in any democratic form of society—and a large proportion of them might justly so be termed—would be glad to obey reasonable laws of regulation. And all the many other kinds would just as cheerfully evade the laws, or devise methods not touched by the laws.

For that is their business, and they are shrewd and resourceful fellows. They have to be shrewd, in order to earn the large rewards within the reach of successful propagandists and publicity agents. Many of them who once upon a time were newspapermen glad if they earned $6,000 to $15,000 a year now earn from $10,000 to $50,000 a year, some of them even more than that, with pickings on the side. There is also another motive, not at all sordid, which inspires a very large number of the men and women who are doing the sort of work at Washington and elsewhere which will be investigated by the Senate, a motive which "brings about" even more things than the money motive. Properly to explain this motive requires an examination of certain deeper reasons for lobbying than merely the mercenary reasons the exposure of which has brought about the present investigations.

These motives for propaganda and publicity may be suggested by a remark made by a somewhat cynical observer of public affairs, who said: "It is quite all right for the politicians to investigate the lobbyists: but who is going to investigate the politicians?" It is putting the truth mildly to say that if commercial and other interests are apt to be greedy in their efforts to manipulate politics and legislation in favor of their business, politicians as a class are not always to be regarded as angels of the public good. If corrupt agents of a business interest give bribes, they must (and unfortunately sometimes they do) find public servants quite willing to take the bribes, in order to make the bribes produce results. And, putting such gross wrong-doing as bribery aside, the acceptance of favors by politicians from business men without any direct obligation to legislate on behalf of the business men's interests, but yet with an implied understanding that such interests shall, to say the least, not be unduly jeopardized, is something not unknown to occur. These favors may take many forms; among which stock tips are not uncommon.

But let it be granted (for the sake of the real issue here being argued) that legislators are today mostly incorruptible. It is a lot to grant, even for argument's sake: but let us make the effort, even if it strains our credulity. There remain many potent reasons why politicians have to be watched and assisted and checked up and supervised for the common good, not only by newspapers but by organizations representative of public or even private interests. In a democracy such as ours, the professional holders of public office, who supposedly are the mere servants of the public, yet who are entrusted with the tremendous task of making the laws of the state, simply cannot be elected and then let alone to do what they themselves think fit to do. Experience and common sense concur in teaching us that politicians at any time, and certainly today, are not necessarily the best informed, most wise, most honest, most devoted to the common weal, of all the members of the republic.

They tend more and more to be one special class; no doubt a most necessary class under our social system, yet by no means adequately representative of all the essential classes and interests of the whole people. And more and more, in such a complex civilization as ours, the other classes and interests must and do organize to bring their influence to bear in the shaping and making of legislation. And when organized, they must and they do operate through agents, of one sort or another. These agents are the propagandists and the lobbyists of today. And they are indispensable. The whole problem is reduced to a very simple thing, yet one exceeding difficult to effect, namely, how to permit legitimate lobbying its due and proper place, and simultaneously control, or if possible eliminate, illegitimate lobbying. The parallel problem is how to let legitimate propaganda play its proper part in the press and the other channels of publicity, and at the same time expose or stamp out illegitimate propaganda.

Speaking from a journalistic experience of many years, which has touched many aspects of publicity and propaganda, I confidently assert that the current tendency to think of all propaganda activities as necessarily sinister, and all lobbying as inherently a bad thing, and publicity agents as objectionable creatures per se, is stupid and wrong. A great deal of the most sincere and, in intention at least, the most beneficial work on behalf of the common good is being done by organizations created to carry on propaganda, to effect publicity and to bring about pressure on politicians; in other words, to lobby. This is granted fully even by so determined an opponent of unworthy tampering with public processes as Senator Thomas J. Walsh, in his article on the subject in the New York Times.

Lobbying, however, has been unduly confounded as to general meaning, and condemned, with or without cause, with the propaganda that is effected through publicity. That sinister and sometimes evil propaganda and publicity do often go together, is true enough; but essentially they are distinct branches of the necessary and commendable art of influencing and molding public opinion. I use the words "necessary and commendable," of course, in relation to those movements which, because they are not and often can-

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not be adequately represented by the usual and normal processes of publicity through the press, the radio, moving pictures and other instruments of publicity, must be promulgated by organizations or individuals set apart for that purpose. We may leave sinister and injurious lobbying and propaganda to the Senate committees, hoping that even if no permanent cure is devised for their bad effects, at least, as Mr. Mark Sullivan says, their exposure may have a tonic effect on public sentiment.

In these articles I have a particular and concrete purpose, namely, to deal with Catholic publicity. I say publicity, not propaganda, for reasons which will be stated in another article. I shall ask my readers to judge, in the light of facts that will be assembled and will, I think, enable them to judge justly, whether or not American Catholics are adequately equipped to give publicity to their special points of view, as these affect and are of concern to the common interests of the nation. Secondly, I shall propose certain definite remedies; for I think that we shall have no answer but one to make to the inquiry we shall propound: namely, that American Catholics are more poorly equipped with adequate publicity technique than any other considerable body of American citizens. This opinion will be developed in my succeeding articles.

COMMON-SENSE CHARITY ABROAD

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

FOR the first time in its history the American Red Cross has refused, officially and publicly, to ask the American people to contribute funds for the relief of known distress abroad. The Central Committee's decision was based upon a report of a commission appointed by the organization to carry on a thorough investigation of the situation in China during the past four months. This report showed that there was widespread distress in China, the number of people destitute for lack of food at one time numbering probably 65,000,000. However, the report also showed that this distress is due to chronic conditions in which the incidence of poor crops, drought, floods or other primary causes of famine have but a small part. It indicated that there was enough food in China to have prevented starvation in 1928 and 1929, but that chaotic political and economic conditions in the country made the proper distribution of this food impossible. Among the causes for the terrible distress admitted by all familiar with the situation the commission names seven, and these seven form a picture of conditions in the country which will not only govern the American people in their eleemosynary relations with China in the immediate future but will have a profound influence upon the political relations of the two countries.

First among these causes are the operations of the war lords in the various provinces. They recruit armies in the name of law and order but for their personal aggrandizement, support them by billeting them upon the country, levy heavy toll upon the cities, ruthlessly strip the country districts of food, live stock and farming implements, rob the helpless peasantry of even seed grain, not to mention the meagre store saved for their own support. A second cause has been the action of the military despots in seizing railways, destroying tracks and cars for military advantage, preventing the distribution of food supplies from district to district; this, in some cases, has resulted in the destruction of thousands of tons of food supplies needed by the starving millions. A third cause is the banditry which naturally arises from the foregoing conditions, resulting in the laying waste of immense districts, the complete destruction of hundreds of villages and the robbery, pillage and murder of many thousands of innocent inhabitants under conditions so revolting and atrocious as to be unbelievable. A fourth cause is the crushing taxation of every sort imposed upon the people by these war lords, collected as much as three years in advance and collected with ruthless severity, to the utter destitution of millions of people. The fifth cause assigned is the lack of highways and other means of distribution of available supplies. The sixth and seventh causes arise from the delicate balance between China's food production and its constantly increasing population, which can be fed only by the most severe economies; with the result that when any of the foregoing causes operate in a district for a year or two, starvation conditions rapidly arise.

Against this picture of starving multitudes are placed the ineffective efforts of the Chinese government to afford relief by a bond issue whose proceeds were either spent for the support of armies, largely lost in bad financing or left unused; and further minor assistance in the way of free customs entry and free transportation for the relief afforded by other agencies. To this statement of inefficiency and cynicism, the commission might have added graft and corruption in the native distribution of the relief afforded from outside, and the many interferences with such relief imposed by Chinese officialdom.

Hence the Central Committee of the Red Cross wisely decided that, until the conditions which have brought about the chronic situation now existing in China have been done away with, it is useless for foreign agencies to attempt relief; that, in short, China should be left to work out its own salvation. This decision is in keeping with the indisposition shown by the American public during the past year and a half to contribute as freely as usual to the cause of famine

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relief in China, and justifies that neutrality or indifference with which the Department of State in Washington was charged when first the subject of relief for recent conditions was broached about two years ago. The decision and the reasons on which it was based, in fact, form a classic in the common sense of international charity.

So long as the United States sends abroad something like fifty millions of dollars each year for missionary and charitable enterprises, there is little to indicate that the American heart beats any less warmly in sympathy with other nations in distress than heretofore. It has been evident for several years, however, that there has been a change in the nature and direction of this sympathy, particularly in a feeling that more discrimination should be shown by charitable people in the distribution of charitable funds. Those most familiar with China and conditions in China have long viewed with mixed feelings every movement for the contribution of large amounts for any form of relief there. On the one hand there is the natural and laudable desire to relieve suffering; on the other hand there has been the feeling, now voiced by the Red Cross committee, that the situation in China which calls to the rest of the world is chronic, and that it is doubtful wisdom to continue contributions in that direction until there is some real effort on the part of the Chinese themselves to remedy the conditions which have recurrently brought it about.

Yet it need not be thought that pictures of distress in China have been overdrawn. There are literally tens of millions of people there all the time who are on the verge of starvation and most of them have never known any other conditions in life. This harrowing state of things is not confined to any particular portion of the country but is more or less general, and is due to social and economic conditions as affected by ancestor-worship, and a family life which is largely based upon ancestor-worship. These conditions have been greatly accentuated by eighteen years of civil war, but in its essentials the situation has existed for untold generations.

Intelligent charity in American communities has come to be less of an effort to relieve immediate distress, although immediate relief is still afforded where it is actually needed, and more of an effort to find remedies for the conditions which have brought about this distress. The change has brought about a greater improvement in the social factors responsible for much of the distress than is generally understood. Far more good has been accomplished by the intelligent use of charitable funds than ever was possible under the old system of indiscriminate giving. And there is a growing feeling that it is unwise to continue our great gifts to other countries so long as the conditions which give rise to the need of them are allowed to continue. One can "pauperize" a nation as well as an individual.

The American people have been called upon almost every year for many years to afford relief to the stricken Chinese. They have always responded liberally, as they should. However, there has been nothing in the latest program for relief to prevent a recurrence of the same call for relief next year and the year thereafter, and so on indefinitely. The American Red Cross rightly feels that

> Chinese leaders would no doubt give more thought to the removal of the causes which impoverish their people and bring on such tragedies if they realized the necessity for assuming full responsibility for resulting relief needs; any acceptance of that responsibility by foreign agencies cannot but retard this all-important result.

These principles apply with equal force to relief for other peoples.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to add a few observations as to the effect of international charitable contributions upon international and interracial feeling. There is a disposition on the part of many who are concerned in the raising of funds for such undertakings to make much of the friendly feeling the people of the United States have for other peoples, and to enlarge upon the friendly feelings engendered in other peoples who have received help from this country. That Americans in general have friendly feelings for other peoples is apparent; it has been proved a thousand times and in all parts of the world. But that charitable contributions in themselves evoke a similar feeling from the recipients thereof toward the donors by no means follows. Without doubt the poor starving wretches in Shantung villages and farm huts would be grateful for relief, although they probably would have a very indefinite idea as to whence it came. But there is a streak in human nature which often shows resentment at relief of this sort. Perhaps this is based upon an implied inferiority which the giving and taking of relief may entail. Whatever the cause or explanation may be, the practical fact is that the result of international charity is as much ill feeling as gratitude.

China as a whole is not grateful for the millions of dollars spent by foreigners in that country in the hospitals, schools, colleges and other such institutions founded and supported in the past eighty years. The new nationalism now rampant in certain classes of the population has promptly taken the control of most of these institutions out of the hands of the founders and supporters, and adopted them for its own use and purposes. The same is true of the people of the near East; in fact China has been rather more grateful than the rest of the world. In all such charitable efforts the only justifiable object is that of relieving the distressed, affording advantages to the ill, the needy and the ignorant, all in the name of charity, without expectancy of reward and in the face of possible ingratitude and resentment. This in general is the spirit of the American people in such matters. That spirit is as strong now as ever it was, even though the charitable public in the United States is becoming increasingly disposed to apply a common-sense rule to its charities, and to look more deeply into the occasions for them.

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THE INCOMPARABLE HEROINE

By ALPHONSE LUGAN

EUGENIE DE GUERIN is no stranger to the English-speaking world. A translation of her Journal appeared in London during 1865, and that of her brother Maurice was published in New York during 1867, with an introductory essay by Matthew Arnold. This illustrious critic called Eugénie "a French Antigone uplifted and ennobled by the Christian faith." Five years previously an anonymous contributor to the Spectator had written: "We are no admirers of the Roman Catholic faith, but it may well be proud if it can subdue, satisfy and sustain many human lives as simple, beautiful and deep as Eugénie de Guérin's." When an edition of her Letters appeared in Paris during 1865, Henry James, then just twenty years of age, declared: "A delicate mind, an affectionate heart, a pious soul having the gift of feeling and expression in equal measure—and this not from poverty of the former faculty, but from the absolute richness of the latter. The aggregation of these facts again resolved itself under the reader's eye into a figure of sweetness so perfect, so uniform and so simple that it seems to belong rather to the biography of a mediaeval saint than to the complex mechanism of our actual life; and, indeed, what was Mademoiselle de Guérin, after all, but a mediaeval saint?"

But until recently nothing was known of the writings of Eugénie excepting the Journal and the Letters published by Trébutien, a librarian of the city of Caen. Everybody knew that these represented only a selection from her work, and the countless persons who were interested looked forward impatiently to the time when all that she had written, without a thought of posterity or the seeking for glory, might be published.

During May of the present year, M. l'Abbé Barthès, professor at the Grand Seminaire of Albi and compatriot of the De Guérins, presented to the faculty of the Sorbonne a thesis on The Life of Eugénie de Guérin, supplemented with a secondary thesis on The Letters of Eugénie de Guérin to Her Brother Maurice. During more than twenty years the Abbé has busily searched the public archives and family papers of places in which Eugénie lived, with a view to discovering impressions left by her spirit. Dust did not conceal them more carefully than did the good taste and discretion of the homes where their author had resided. But time, which permits dust to accumulate, does lessen reticence. "Family mementos have been confided to me," says the Abbé, "sometimes piece by piece, but more frequently in large bundles. Little by little the Guérin dossier took on strangely voluminous proportions on my study table." Thus he was able to correct and complete what had already been published by Trébutien, and also to collect material enough to fill three large octavo volumes. Here are newly discovered letters, fragments of a diary, and even a complete diary, written either by Eugénie or Maurice de Guérin.

These researches and discoveries have enabled the Abbé Barthès to reconstruct in its milieu and epoch the life of Eugénie de Guérin. This we can now follow, almost day by day, seeing the child in the provincial castle at Cayla, the girl who lost her mother at fourteen, already deeply religious, receiving careful instruction from her father and occupying the place of her dead mother in so far as Maurice was concerned. She was just a maid of fifteen when she devoted all the energies of her feminine soul, then already religious and profound, to her brother. She followed him everywhere—to college, to La Chênaie where Lamennais lived—in order to bestow upon him the wealth of her tenderness and to ward off from him spiritual and moral danger.

She confided her solicitudes and anxieties to the letters or the journal which she wrote from day to day at Maurice's request. So far as I know, nothing in any language equals the beauty of the sobs, the outcries, the confidences, the joys and sorrows expressed here. Not having been able to save her brother from death, Eugénie would doubtless have ended her own life had not faith intervened. On the morning after his burial, she noticed upon her table the journal to which she confided "the heart of my heart, for him alone"; and she wrote: "This also is for him. For Maurice dead, for Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. How tender and full of delight is the name of brother! Friday, July, 19, at half after eleven. Unforgettable date. No, my friend, death shall not separate us, it shall not tear you from my thought."

One can follow the moving history of this friendship in the first volume of this new Vie d'Eugénie de Guérin. It pierces to the heart. Here one may also learn what was the life of a humble chatelaine in Languedoc during the reigns of Charles X and Louis Phillipe, and discern the delicacy and depth of her Christian faith. One is privileged to follow her into the salons of her relatives and friends; and from her voluminous correspondence with Lorisse de Bayne, almost completely unearthed by the Abbé Barthès, one might derive a most luminous film of womanly friendship. In a special chapter, the biographer considers "the sense of the Divine" in Eugénie's life, revealing her as one proceeding with increasing swiftness toward God, constantly more holy and charitable. She who sought to be nothing of the sort appears to us as an incomparable directress of souls.

The second volume is devoted to the years which followed the death of her brother in 1839. Now a cloud of sorrow more dense than that which had enveiled her since birth covers her with its shadow. She could not take her heart from him who had gone. She tried to evade her pain and mourning by lavishing her affection upon one of Maurice's friends, the famous and eccentric novelist, Barbey d'Aurevilly, whom she calls her "brother of Paris" in the journal. But he neglected her brutally, and she quarreled with one of her dearest friends, Madame de Maistre, in her anxiety to bring the soul of Barbey nearer to God.

During this period of her life, Eugénie lived in Paris and knew the society and the salons of the epoch. Here she remained quite as spiritual as at Cayla. The fame of her brother had begun to spread. Her friends sought to publish the manuscripts he had left behind, and she aided them with all her energy. But broken in spirit by the cruelty of Barbey,—which the Abbé Barthès terms "a second death of Maurice"—she returned to her native country more alone than ever. There she died on May 31, 1848.

I believe that this vast work, the third volume of which presents an exhaustive sequence of texts and bibliographies, is definitive. The true figure of Eugénie has emerged. "In reality," says the Abbé Barthès, "we have divined rather than known her. The documents which have come into my hands have enabled me to render more precise a personality which had been seen in only one dimension, and to put her back into her own surroundings. And if she has now come much closer to us, how much more charming and human she has also become! Now she is not merely 'the dreamer of the terrace, with

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the thin shoulders of a locust' and the figure of an ascetic. She is a strong woman, faithful to her concept of duty, infinitely kind of disposition, one of the abiding exemplars of sisterly and friendly affection. During her short life she knew the tug of anguish at the heart. She bore up under many a painful blow, suffered through countless disappointments and injustices, submitted perforce to cruel separations. But trial, which could not disrupt the integrity of her spirit, served rather to purify it."

I think so, too, but I have a suspicion that in his legitimate enthusiasm for his heroine, the Abbé Barthès may have idealized her. But it cannot be any purpose here to discuss so delicate and controversial a matter. I wish rather to join, with all possible sincerity, in the praise which M. Abel Lefranc, a fervent admirer of the De Guérins, addressed to our author at a convocation of the Sorbonne: "Having been a witness, during twenty years, of the research undertaken by the Abbé Barthès, I render homage to his vast marshaling of documentary evidence which bears the stamp of unflagging conscientiousness. He has summoned to life again the milieux in which the De Guérins lived—Cayla, the desolate solitude of which explains the ennui which pursued Eugénie her life long; Brittany, La Chênaie, and the Val de l'Arguenon; the Indian colony in the Rue du Cherche Midi; and the salons where Barbey displayed his dapper person. My own investigations permit me to confirm the discoveries of the Abbé and to predict that his work will achieve a genuine success. Eugénie de Guérin is of universal fame. Her influence has gone everywhere. One finds the Journal in almost every Catholic home, in Protestant circles, and in the hands of Jews who appreciate it highly. It is read in England and America. Juarès, the famous Socialist leader, had an enthusiastic admiration for Eugénie and Maurice, his compatriots." I believe that literary America will be interested in this work and will join in the hope that it may ultimately be completed by the publication of still further volumes.

Water Tune

The wet green shuttles rock
From stone to stone,
The jade and white threads lock,
The shuttles drone.

O water knit me a gown,
A shroud to wear.
O white spray wind me a crown
For matted hair.

O fishes under stones
Hone your teeth,
You may have my bones
And my wreath.

Mermen I'll not care
For your lips,
Nor your brilliant stare
Like sapphire chips.

Corals for my arm
Or in a ring,
Have no power to charm—
Nor anything:

Only water weaving
In monotone,
Can stop my ache and grieving,
This alone.

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG.

COMMUNICATIONS

MR. ATTWATER REPLIES

Wales.

TO the Editor:—Discussions in periodicals are apt to be tiresome and when conducted at a range of 3,000 nautical miles (or whatever the width of the Atlantic is) may easily become futile. But it would be discourteous to neglect the letters of Mr. Cram, Mr. Copeland and Mr. Rambusch, and to do so would, moreover, lay me open to the charge of indulging in that infantile proceeding of chucking a brick and then running away.

1. Mr. Cram's gloss makes a rather important modification of those premises of mine with which he agrees, when it states that the Church took the *best* art that was available and kept *asking for better*. What evidence have we for thinking that the clergy were any more exigent then than now? That they were any better at "art-criticism" then than now? And are we to picture the classical revivalists offering their wares and the Church accepting them under protest as a not-better article? History does not support such a view. That the western Church and the eastern Church were not quite on "all fours" in this matter of "mothering the arts" I concede.

2. Now as for my non sequitur. First of all, I did not write, and certainly never meant to imply, that we were "under no circumstances to try to recover some of the . . . spirit of the art of Catholic society." On the contrary; so far as they are possible under existing circumstances, the spirit and the principles—which do not involve the same materials or forms—are exactly what we want. Mr. Cram does not like the church at Raincy; I do (the difference has no effect on the truth of the matter). But I like it precisely because it seems to me that the people responsible for it have produced a building that has far more of that spirit (which, Mr. Cram will agree, does not depend on materials or "style") than have, e.g., the Catholic churches at Norwich and Arundel (Mr. Cram probably knows both these buildings, even if many of your readers do not). I think Mr. Cram will further agree that we *must* use contemporary godless industrial conditions of building; we deplore them but, if we don't use them, we shall have no churches at all or else must worship in plain rectangular halls built by our own hands of stock brick or concrete blocks (and a jolly good thing too, say I*). Then, since we must accept the conditions, why not accept the materials, and the forms and technique? They, at least, have not committed treason.

3. That, I believe, is the real difference between us. I have a painful notion that Mr. Cram regards concrete, steel and so forth, as bad. Not necessarily as bad building materials (though we agree there are better, but not always easily available) but in some esoteric way as bad ethically. Mr. Copeland makes no bones about it. He calls concrete "obscene" (and Bessemer steel, an excellent article, is "absurdly named." Why? Is this the authentic voice of progressive American civilization?). This is nonsense. How can concrete be obscene or natural stone chaste? It's either a practicable building material or it's not, and that's all there is to it.

4. There is no parallel between vestments or plain-chant and church buildings. The Church definitely legislates for the material and shape of vestments and for the sort of music to be used in church; but she lays down neither the shape of church buildings nor the material of which they are to be built. As for vernacular liturgies, the Byzantine Catholics of

* But then I am not an architect.

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Roumania, Syria and Hungary have them and the use of the vernacular is spreading among oriental Catholics in the near East. The Roman rite in a spoken language is not an impossibility. I, for one, should be sorry at such an innovation—but there is much that can be said for it.

5. I would remind Mr. Rambusch that it would have been as absurd to a thirteenth-century builder to be asked to build in "Norman", with which he was quite familiar, as to build in "Byzantine," which probably he had never seen; and it is as absurd to build "Early English" in 1929 as to order Mr. Ford's factory to "build" 1915 models. Moreover, the religion of the Hagia Sophia, of old Saint Peter's and of York Minster was the same and their services essentially the same—yet as buildings they are radically different; Mass was said in Gloucester lady-chapel and Catholics worshiped in Durham nave, but they are different kinds of building. But we agree that they are all good buildings and meet for their purpose. Why then does Mr. Rambusch think that "a radical new style of architecture will not be developed until there are radical changes in our services" (does he mean the substitution of vespers for the congregational rosary?) "or in our religious needs" (does he mean more reason and less emotion?) But he concedes that "an outburst of religious fervor" would do the trick.

DONALD ATTWATER.

REFLECTIONS UPON ART

St. James, L. I.

TO the Editor—I cannot too strongly commend Mr. Gerrity's Reflections Upon Art, a communication to The Commonweal of October 23, to every person interested in the relation between art and religion. I did not read Mr. Cram's similarly named article, so that I do not know whether, like Mr. Gerrity, I, too, would have aspersed it. But, speaking in general, Mr. Cram is too much the specialist of a particular period in art to be entirely catholic in his tastes; indeed his judgment is apt to become musty when he turns it to other periods, such as the Romanesque and our own. Possibly he finds in Gothic the religious and Catholic dignity of which he may deem ideal art to be compact, but surely Mr. Gerrity's thesis that good modern art has spiritual, if not specifically Catholic, ends must be realized.

What blinds Mr. Cram and other unsympathetic appraisers of the art of today is the quantity of hocus-pocus in a great deal of it. What such critics, who have an undoubtedly well-founded nostalgia for the art of the past, do not understand is the trend which modern painting, modern architecture and modern sculpture at their best have toward the spiritual goal of the present. For in all good modern painting, for instance, there is definite spirituality. I find it in Bonnard, Camoins, Matisse, Derain, Marquet and De Segonzac of France, in Steer and Sickert of England, and in Marin, Rockwell Kent, Davies and Demuth of our own country, and in all the older impressionists from Corot to Renoir. I do not find it in Rouault, Soutine, Modigliani, Vlaminck, and such artists, who seem to me nothing but very brutal cynics.

Now it would be, I think, a pity if the spirituality of those artists, mentioned or not mentioned, who belong to the former group went unharnessed. How well, if rightly approached, they could subserve the Church with their painting! Three hundred years ago at the time of call-it-what-you-will—Inquisition, Reformation, Jesuit and baroque art, the decadence or the French Academy—many of the best artists subserved her and they were no less than Rubens (e.g., his Antwerp Crucifixion) Van Dyck (e.g., his Kiss of Judas at the Prado) and Teniers in Flanders, Rembrandt in Holland, Le Brun in France, and almost any artist you please to mention from Spain and Italy.

Then, for reasons that no doubt are legion, this condition changed, and only artists of the quality of excellent copyists seem to have been employed. In the intervening centuries the Church per se has been no less strong, but religious art has ceased. There was none in the eighteenth century, none in the nineteenth, with the exception of the work of Delacroix, Mille, Legros, (occasionally) Ingres and Puvis, and the imitation-ware of the pre-Raphaelites, and one can think of very little in the twentieth, a few canvases by Sargent perhaps (such as his Hermit or his Padre Sebastiano in the Metropolitan Museum) and some by Mancini. Have new technical devices which have been the discoveries and the apanages of modern painters discouraged the Church from employing them, on conventional grounds? It did not discourage her from employing Titian, or Tintoretto, or El Greco. But why should she have neglected Cézanne?

Perhaps the problem is really the same as that of the dearth of religious greeting cards, which another of your correspondents discussed below Mr. Gerrity's article. If we will buy only what is set before us, then we will most certainly not demand religious art done in a modern or innovating spirit, but will seek out merely the tried and true—Siennese and Florentine Gothic, Raphaelesque, renaissance, and baroque—and that only in churches.

JAMES W. LANE.

THE BALKAN PIVOT

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—Returning from my vacation, I read in The Commonweal for August 21 a review of The Balkan Pivot, by Charles R. Beard and George Radin. This review, under the heading, One Hapsburg Heir, is by Mr. Boyd-Carpenter.

In speaking about the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary he says, "Few persons in Europe believe other than that this Austrian seizure was part and parcel of the German policy of Drang nach Osten." Against this sentence, I must strongly protest. Please permit me to give a short sketch of the historical development involved. I will take my citation from the Encyclopedia Brittanica, eleventh edition.

Bosnia and Herzegovina had been under Turkish rule, and as in other Turkish provinces with a Christian population, there had occurred a number of outbreaks. In 1878 the Congress of Berlin commissioned Austria-Hungary with the administration of these provinces. In 1908 these provinces had been thirty years under Austrian administration. What had been accomplished? "The construction of carriage roads, wholly neglected by the Turks, was carried out on a large scale by the Austrians. Two railways were also built in connection with the Hungarian state system. . . . Education for boys and girls between the ages of seven and fifteen was free, but not compulsory. . . . During this period life and property were rendered secure and great progress was achieved on the lines already indicated in creating an efficient civil service, harmonizing Moslem law with new enactments, promoting commerce, carrying out important public works and reorganizing the fiscal and educational systems. All classes and creeds were treated impartially; and although the administration has been reproached alike for undue harshness and undue leniency, neither accusation can be sustained."

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Besides, the very necessary task of reforesting the depleted soil and starting industrial developments had just been begun. The expense of most of this was borne by the taxpayers of Austria-Hungary. "At the time of the Austrian annexation in 1908 the only remaining token of Ottoman suzerainty was that the foreign consuls received their exequator from Turkey instead of Austria. Otherwise, the government of the country was conducted in the name of the Austrian emperor."

There was compulsory military service, as in most European countries. The four Bosnian regiments made an excellent showing in the world war. Everything went smoothly until 1908. On July 22, 1908, there occurred in Constantinople, the Young-Turkish Revolution which resulted in the promise of a Parliament. While under the sultan, Turkish suzerainty over Bosnia was only nominal. It would have been necessary under the new régime to have elected Bosnian representatives to the Turkish Parliament and the Turkish Parliament would have made laws with validity in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Clearly there were only two alternatives: First, the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which meant only the abolishment of a legal fiction without changing anything in the actual status. This was chosen, as Bulgaria chose the corresponding method. "The success of the young Turks created a serious situation for the statesmen of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria. A regenerated Ottoman empire might in time be strong enough to demand the evacuation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and to maintain, or extend, the nominal suzerainty over Bulgaria which the sultan exercised since 1878. Accordingly, at the beginning of October, 1908, the Emperor Francis Joseph informed the powers signatory to the treaty of Berlin that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the dual monarchy had become necessary, and this decision was formally announced in an imperial rescript dated the 7th of October. The independence of Bulgaria was proclaimed on the 5th."

Austria settled with Turkey amicably by paying a certain sum of money. The only other alternative would have been to give back the provinces to Turkey, and I do not know of any great power in the world who would have done so. It seems to me that from this outline the incorrectness of the charge contained in Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's remark is evident.

I should like to add further that Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's remark that Germany soon afterward threatened Russia with war, must be corrected by the statement that Germany threatened that, if Russia made war on Austria, it would find Germany on Austria's side.

KARL HERZFELD.

THE SENATE LOOKS AT UNEMPLOYMENT

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Relating to Father Ryan's article, The Senate Looks at Unemployment, in The Commonweal of October 2, 1929, I fail to understand the remark that the possible good effect of the proposed "prosperity reserve" plan (the increasing public works in a time of industrial depression and the slackening them in very busy times) "would be offset to some extent by its evil influence in exaggerating business activity during a prosperous period, thereby causing excessive expansion and inevitably increasing the depth of the succeeding depression."

For—as Father Ryan explains just before the quoted remark—as soon as the request of workers from non-public industries could not be easily met by the labor available at the time, then the public work would be slackened, thus increasing the labor supply for the industry. That would contribute in keeping conditions normal and not in exaggerating business.

By the other way, when a business depression would come, then the slackened public works would be ready to be speeded up, thus giving employment to a number of workers left unemployed by the industry. That would help in directing the situation toward equilibrium. Therefore how could the plan exaggerate business when conditions are good and make the depression worse when conditions are bad, if it would function as a safety valve in both cases?

ALEXIS B. BERTUSI.

THE DEARTH OF RELIGIOUS CARDS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In a communication entitled The Dearth of Religious Cards in The Commonweal of October 23, the writer refers to a statement that "there is no demand for religious cards." The reason why this demand is decreasing seems to me to be not only the fact that thousands of these cards are sent out by religious agencies but principally the fact that the real Christmas spirit has vanished from many a modern home or has been confined to the services of the day itself. To revive this spirit, we have published for the members of the Catholic Boys Brigade fine liturgical cards, suitable for use as they are, or for painting with water-colors. Moreover we have introduced as a home activity the building of Christmas cribs.

A year ago, the finest and most artistic paper cribs were imported from Europe for the first time, and it seems that the activity is arousing more and more interest among the boys and the members of their families. This naturally centers the thoughts of the family on Christmas long before the day arrives and keeps them alive long after, since the figures for the Epiphany are included in the outfits. The building of Christmas cribs for the home has assumed big proportions abroad and, we hope, will increase among us and help to offset the materialism that nowadays surrounds the birth of the Infant Saviour.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O. M. CAP.
Director General, Catholic Boys Brigade U. S.

FATHER MATHEW ON PROHIBITION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I note to my great regret that your paper is anti-prohibition. I thought you might be interested in a letter written by the great temperance leader Father Mathew to the Reverend George W. Pepper as follows:

Cork, January 14, 1854.

"My dear young friend:—The question of prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits and many other intoxicating drinks which are to be found in our country is not new to me. The principle of prohibition seems to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened by the hard labor of more than twenty years in the temperance cause. I rejoice in the welcome intelligence of the formation of a Maine law alliance which I trust will be the means, under God, of destroying the fruitful source of so much crime. Allow me to thank you for your earnest and indefatigable labors in the present movement.

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "Theobald Mathew."

The letter is certainly of interest to all.

ALICE WARREN.

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AMONG THE FALL BOOKS

Superman, Poet, Novelist

The Life of George Meredith, by Robert Esmonde Sencourt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

GEORGE MEREDITH was a superman. He had enough intellectual and emotional vitality for ten ordinary persons. He was an out-size personality. In physical exercise he was violent: he made love with volcanic ardor: in composition the sweat ran faster than the ink: his loud laugh shook the rafters. Outdoors he rejoiced in the southwest wind, in the steep hillsides, in the "rain on his storm-beaten face." Indoors he loved copious meals, good wine and all kinds of lively conversation, from philosophical speculation to the most outrageous mirth. He was enormously alive.

No man ever had better friends, better in every sense—in their intellectual endowment, in their affectionate and playful company, in their capacity to understand, in their sheer nobleness of mind. His most intimate friends were Robert Louis Stevenson, Leslie Stephen, John Morley, J. M. Barrie, Sir William Hardman, Admiral Maxse and the Dr. Jessopp. His friends had not only tremendous intellectual respect for him, they loved him as we love the sunshine. I know of no more beautiful tribute from one man of genius to another than that of Barrie to Meredith.

It does not yet appear whether or not Meredith was a great poet or a great novelist; he was rather a great man who wrote poems and novels. His mind was richer than any of its products. He had always more fame than popularity, and more popularity than notoriety. His hatred of discipline, or rules and systems, while admirable in many respects, did not help him as an artist. He always had an undisciplined mind, and none of his productions has that air of serenity which is so often characteristic of permanence.

For it is a fact that his centenary passed almost unnoticed. In the year 1928, the world celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Tolstoy, of Ibsen; but comparatively few remembered that of Meredith.

It is vain to speculate on what might have happened; but it is possible that if Meredith had been free from the necessity of earning his living, and able to confine himself to writing poetry, almost anything could have happened. He always said that prose fiction was his kitchen wench; poetry was his muse. The lyrical element, the natural foundation of his self-expression in poetry, interfered with his art as a novelist. No one saw that more clearly than Henry James. "The lyrical element is not great, is in fact not present at all in Balzac, in Scott . . . nor in Thackeray, nor in Dickens—which is precisely why they are so essentially novelists, so almost exclusively lovers of the image of life. . . . It is considerable in that bright particular genius of our own day, George Meredith, who so strikes us as hitching winged horses to the chariot of his prose—steeds who prance and dance and caracole, who strain the traces, attempt to quit the ground and yearn for the upper air."

Although Meredith died only twenty years ago, and in his mental attitude was so emphatically a man of the twentieth century, it is interesting to remember that he published fiction before the earliest work of George Eliot appeared. He had a long career, but recognition was so slow in coming that he was compelled to devote many years to the reading of manuscripts for publishers.

Robert Esmonde Sencourt, in the book before us, has written the first authoritative biography, and it seems definitive. In his preface he pays his compliments to Lytton Strachey, and to his followers, who belong to the school of detraction. Quite otherwise is Mr. Sencourt. He wrote this work because he believes with all his might that Meredith is a great poet and a great novelist; that The Ordeal of Richard Feverel is comparable only to Shakespeare. Well, sympathy and enthusiasm are the best paths to understanding; and this is an admirable biography. It tells the truth about the man and his career; his two marriages, his devotion to his son Arthur, his likes and dislikes, his personal habits. We feel we know Meredith. Mr. Frank Altschul of New York, who has in his possession a large number of letters of Meredith which had never been published, gave Mr. Sencourt free access to the collection, and thus the reader has before him much original and highly important material. Meredith's letters are to me even more inspiring than his poems and novels.

Very few errors appear; but (page 182) the date of Madame Bovary is given as 1859, instead of 1857.

Toward the close of his life, Meredith reached an apotheosis where his fellow-craftsmen, in regarding him, all looked up. But even this elevation by those most qualified to judge, did not bring the public to him. And Mr. Sencourt, with disarming honesty and frankness, says, "Many now think that his reputation has been exaggerated. He has been for the last ten years not much read either by the many, or by the few who live in the literary fashion. And yet the fact remains that extraordinary people thought him marvelous, that many prominent Englishmen of sound culture still think him one of the supreme men of the nineteenth century . . . among not a few others, Stevenson and Sir James Barrie put him near Shakespeare."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

The Illinois Oracle

Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman, by Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. Two volumes, $10.00.

THERE is possibly too much bulk in the frankly partizan, fulsomely reportorial, censer-swinging scrap-book which Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have devoted to the remembrance of Stuart Sherman. Twenty-five pages of volume two are given, for instance, to letters which the professor addressed to students; and while they must have been fascinating to their recipients, they leave the reader peering anxiously about for the man he wants to know. That want, however, is genuine. Perhaps none of all the literary folk who have interpreted the last generation now seems either so amiable or so worth while. The acid has already evaporated from the numerous controversies, on behalf of standards or a better conception of the educative function of letters, which seemed so fundamentally important ten years ago. Issues are a little clearer now. What matters is no longer if one shall respect the American moral or intellectual tradition, but if one shall harbor any cultural or spiritual ambition at all. It is not a question of whether we shall listen to Nietzsche rather than to Emerson, but of whether we can get away from the radio long enough to listen to anybody. And so the citizen who cares about such things will, regardless of his especial literary convictions, salute in Stuart Sherman the man for whom personal development was not

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merely an ideal but an opportunity to achieve success. Ruskin once referred to Kenelm Digby as one from whom he had learned to love nobleness; and we now may well believe that at least a few young Americans destined to become illustrious in some spiritual renaissance we cannot foresee will refer in similar language to the author of The Genius of America.

How a boy of "Puritan" ancestry enjoyed such adventures as the slaughter of rattlesnakes in the far West; how in due time he grew into college, and later on into the Harvard Graduate School; how the powerful influence of Irving Babbitt persisted with a young professor who set up at the University of Illinois with some misgivings; how conscientious teaching and tentative stabs at literary expression gradually led to a position of cultural authority expounded in books and by word of mouth—these matters the biographers have dwelt upon lovingly, but they have rightly seen that their story's substance is something else. The significance of Sherman lies in his spiritual venture—in his hunt for a distinction compounded of sincerity, his adjustment of an external ideal to a temperamental self, and his conception of a social absolute. At first the "humanistic" ideal was enough, though Sherman could never bring himself to enlarge "aristocracy" beyond the circumference of the individual. This stage of his development is clearly reflected in On Contemporary Literature, which is the best of his books when regarded objectively but the poorest when one relates it with the author's idea of life. There followed two clashes—one between Sherman and his own make-up, the other between Sherman and the new America clamoring for raw literary meat.

It is an interesting situation—the Middle-West professor, disciplined to acceptance of a cultural philosophy having nothing in common with the democratic vitality of the plains, half sensing that he had little share in the life around and half sure that this life was indefensibly a compound of vulgarity and urban eroticism. Chicago lay only a short distance to the north of Urbana, and Chicago was then in the throes of one of its recurring periods of literary tumult. A good deal of the fuss was caused by mere intoxicated contemplation of poetic materials—the kind of excess which forever prevented Carl Sandburg from becoming a poet; the rest emanated from quasi-bohemian litterateurs, imported to swell the alcoholic content of journalistic criticism, and setting to work with the same canny understanding of "what the people want" which later made a Gotham replica of the Chicago Tribune so valuable an advertising medium. The zest with which Windy City columnists heaped curses upon Sherman and his book now seems more than relatively comic. They were such microscopic Davids, after all. But there was something right in the argument with which they appealed to the public—that the new America ought to demand a literature in which it lived.

Ironical Sherman could be. Unjustified he dared not remain. The result was a long inquiry into the nature of America and into the significance of its intellectual masters; and such books as The Genius of America are admirable manifestations of a spirit which hungered after a truth that would endure preaching. Passages in these volumes are singularly vital even now, and yet Paul Elmer More was certainly correct in saying of them as a whole that they preached idealism rather than humanism—a theory and not a sequence of facts. It is right here that one confronts the basic weakness of Sherman's position. He was shrewd enough to see how Babbitt's doctrine of rigorous intellectualism crowded the artist in man to the curb; but his solution was that of a traffic policeman, adroitly gesturing humanism to one side of the street and the new America to the other. Ultimately, therefore, he was being polite to forms of expression—Dreiser's fiction, for instance—with which he had, innately, positively nothing in common. Passages in the book lead one to believe that much of this essential trouble might have been obviated if Sherman's acquaintance with Europe had begun earlier. He had placed his conception of America on too narrow a basis because cultural America has always existed on too narrow a basis. It is only after one of us discerns the whole human foundation that social life can be seen as something broad enough to be endured.

Because it illuminates from so many points of view this problem of the compatibility of life in America with the highest purposes of the expressive spirit, Sherman's biography is eminently worth reading. Few documents contribute more to a just discernment of the past, and it is also an admirably human testimonial. The very weaknesses and indecisions of Sherman may incite a sluggish generation to bear in mind that wrestling with truth is its most imperative, and possibly even its most beautiful, vital function.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Evolution to Date

New Views of Evolution, by C. P. Conger. (Philosophy for Laymen Series, edited by Roy Wood Sellars.) New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE author of this book, a professor of philosophy at the University of Minnesota, emphasizes the general application of evolutionism to the data of all the sciences and thereby enlarges upon the oft-repeated biological aspect of the subject.

The book upholds no dogma, nor has it any point to prove. Rather we find a statement of the cases for both theistic and naturalistic evolution, for conflicting theories, and a fair appraisal of the evidence for all.

The first chapters clear the way by outlining the scope of the subject. The term evolutionism is applied to descriptions and explanations of a process of change called evolution. This process can occur in two ways: first, by integration, or the coming together of two units in space—as when several atoms unite to form a molecule; secondly, by differentiation, or the rearrangement of already integrated units—as if the same molecule were formed by the coming together of atoms taken from other molecules.

Another important feature of this preliminary part is that evolution is shown to be based more on inference than on evidence, albeit inference that is very strongly suggested by the data, which are themselves, in the last analysis, merely units that can be serially arranged. Furthermore the author reiterates that evolutionism is not necessarily opposed to religion since it does not deal with first causes. Naturalism or mechanism are of course so opposed and, while these views are upheld by many evolutionists, they are not the logical outcome of evolutionism. The theistic evolutionist can be as good an evolutionist as any other.

The evolution of matter is first presented in a chapter that gives a brief account of the newer physics of protons and electrons, of quanta and the space-time of relativity. This chapter ends, as do the others, with a section that criticizes the data and offers possible non-evolutionary explanations. It is here that the question of origins first appears and is most fundamental. The naturalist and the supernaturalist are at odds. The universe was created or it was not. There is no middle ground. But evolution begins with matter or energy already in existence and leads on from there.

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The parts dealing with the evolution of organisms will be the most familiar to the average reader. Evolution as a process is distinguished from Darwinism and the many other explanations. It does not depend for its continued existence upon those theories, but upon an imposing array of data.

The evolution of nervous systems and minds is next treated and the same impartial scheme is followed; still one cannot but notice the absence of the words "free will."

The case for evolution becomes weaker as it progresses from the exact to the social sciences, such as economics and societal and religious developments. The author recognizes that fact. He shows that the most obvious weakness is the unilinear arrangement of stages of religious and cultural development when it is well known that the stages are never simply distinguishable. The strength of the evolutionary explanation arises, he believes, from the necessity for an ordering concept to arrange the data. There can be no doubt that these things have grown and developed, and since they appear to give signs of both integrations and differentiations, they are explainable along evolutionistic lines. This is important because the future conflicts between evolutionists and theologians will probably center about this matter.

Various evolutionistic philosophies are then discussed and the book ends with an estimate of evolutionism. The problem of proof—really at the root of most of the disagreements—comes first, for without common first principles the most satisfying proof to one is no proof to another. The general arguments against evolution are considered next. Some are drawn from chemistry and physics, the relativity of time and the problem of causation. The answer to the first three is that whatever may be the ultimate structure of the universe, the particular part of the space or space-time which we inhabit acts in this particular way. The last of those objections questions the adequacy of knowledge.

Then comes the opposition of supernaturalism to evolution. It appears to mean here the opposition of special creationism rather than of the supernaturalism implied in theistic evolutionism, but the opposition is based at any rate upon the principle of economy of explanation, "Occam's razor." This merely transfers the problem, as the author shows, to the question: "Which set of reasons, inherent cause or external cause, carries the minimum of assumption?" And so, from the philosophic standpoint, it must be left. Some will feel that the "inner experiences" of supernaturalism are treated too lightly, since they represent the experience of the race as opposed to "the suspicions fostered by recent psychology." But the author, unable as he is to conceive of a mystical experience, presents the case for supernaturalism fairly. At any rate these questions lead into the background that need not be explored, for evolutionism is presented as a unifying concept that may be based upon a mental, spiritual or material cosmos, or all together.

The book will leave some wondering about what, after all, we do know. One can hear the echo of Pontius Pilate's "What is truth?" But this question now engenders thought and earnest inquiry rather than despair, and the data and inference correlated here present as strong a case for evolutionism as can possibly be presented. The evidence is gathered from many places and, conflicting as some of it appears, just as bees in a swarm dart hither and yon, yet the evidence taken all together, like the swarm, points in one direction. With the ground cleared of controversial matter it would appear that few could resist the claim of evolution to respect. It cannot be said to be proved beyond question, but it is a difficult process to deny.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

A Study in Doom

The Lost Child, by Rahel Sanzara; translated from the German by Winifred Katzin. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

TO read this book carefully requires a great deal of courage. Even to read it in a cursory manner demands a certain amount of patience. It deals with a sadistic boy who, from the moment of his conception, was apparently doomed to the commission of evil without his own knowledge and almost against his own will.

The boy lives in the house of a farmer in whose mind stern Calvinistic ideas are mingled with a persistent humanitarianism. The farmer has a little girl four years old, his only daughter, his favorite child. During Fritz's adolescence his blood lust occasionally breaks out in cruelty to animals. Then one day when alone with the little girl in the barn he kills her and buries the body; when, apparently, the entire event is obliterated from his mind. The unhappy family seek the missing child for years. The authorities pry about everywhere, hold long investigations without being able to achieve anything. Her unexplained loss works like a poison in the life of the farmer's family and under its influence the whole community disintegrates. The farmer and his wife drift apart. Even the life of the animals on the farm, the life of the crops, of the trees themselves, is affected and destroyed.

Then, after several years the body is discovered. Fritz cannot confess because he does not remember the murder. Nevertheless, he is found guilty and imprisoned for fifteen years. In prison he is a model of good behavior, and after his discharge the farmer whose child he murdered takes Fritz back into his house and Fritz lives there until he dies. This story is set against a background of long and sometimes wearisome descriptions of country life that are, however, occasionally very charming and full of color.

One may judge the book from the standpoint of the criminologist, of the psychiatrist or of the scholar or critic. From the standpoint of criminology it seems to me very unlikely that a sadistic type like Fritz could always develop a complete amnesia for every one of his sadistic outbreaks. Moreover, it seems almost impossible that even the most inefficient police system could have failed to discover the body of the murdered child in one of her father's barns. According to my own experience with types like Fritz, the book does not ring true. From the standpoint of psychiatry it is hard for me to believe that, because Fritz was conceived in circumstances of fear by a raped farm servant, an entire family must be plunged into suffering, loss and despair. One objects to the idea that some slight disorientation of a few chromosomes at the time of conception could so fundamentally affect not only the life of the sadistic boy himself, but also the lives of everyone with whom he was brought in contact. A child of ability and of value to the world may easily be the offspring of a brutal rape, just as sadistic personalities may be the products of happy marital intercourse in well-adjusted homes. To the scholar or to the critic the whole book presents too black a picture with too few compensating elements of light and joy. One lays it down with a sigh of relief; for even though a work of art may be an end in itself, still there should be some elements of contrast in the making of it.

To anyone who is interested in religious reactions, there are one or two sentences in the book that cast an illuminating light back upon the whole story. The church in which Fritz and his employer worshiped "had a stone altar as flat and as bare

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as a table. There was no Christ upon the plain cross. The Person of Jesus, the miracle of His birth and the revelation of His Resurrection were less close to the hearts and creed of this congregation than God, His Father, the Creator, omnipotent, and omniscient in Whose hands were mercy and wrath." If the author has tried to show that religion of this kind results inevitably in a hopeless inability to deal constructively with the evil of human nature, then he or she has succeeded in a very remarkable way.

There is, however, only one person I know who could adequately understand and appreciate this book. He has been a prisoner since his adolescence, during which he committed two or three hideously brutal, sadistic murders of little girls. He could tell us whether the character of Fritz in this book is also really true to human experience. He might be able to tell us also whether a complete forgetfulness or amnesia follows the commission of such sadistic assaults. Unfortunately, he will probably never see the book, but his opinion of it is the only opinion that I should be inclined to accept as authoritative. To those of us whose feet are planted fairly firmly on the ground of normal life, a book like this touches matters that are too strange and mysterious for us. "We have no lamp to guide us," as Daniel Webster said, "except the lamp of experience," and ordinary experience fails us in our endeavors to estimate the value or the truth of such an account.

JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER.

A Memorable Poetry Year

The Best Poems of 1929; selected by Thomas Moult. London: Jonathan Cape, Limited. 6 shillings.

Dark Summer, by Louise Bogan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

High Falcon, by Leonie Adams. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

The Noise That Time Makes, by Merrill Moore. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company.

THE poetic activity of a year memorable for it is rather accurately represented in Mr. Moult's new volume. The appearance of Emily Dickinson's unpublished poems gave him an opportunity which he could not afford to miss, and he has found a Portrait by Elinor Wylie which may well serve as the epitaph for that rare talent. Almost without exception, places have been made for the old guard, and some of them show to their best advantage; notably, W. H. Davis with For Sale, and, above and beyond all praise, A. E. with Germinal. Among the new men is Stanley J. Kunitz, who has come ahead so rapidly during the year, and whose Men Do Not Ask for Much is the best sonnet in the book. The all-to-be-encouraged revival of humorous verse is noticed with three selections, including an excellent one by E. Merrill Root called The Cow.

All in all, the new volume is one of the best of Mr. Moult's indispensable series, and so long as it is read as a book of poetry, for the most part typical of what is considered distinguished in our time, no quarrel shall be picked with it. If one takes it as an academy of the elect, however, it is immediately open to the criticisms which await other "best" books. Doubtless Mr. Moult's labor has been enormous, and doubtless it would be hard to find a better anthologist, yet it calls for no great power of memory, or of diligence in reading magazine poetry, to be able to name recent poems better than many which are given a place in the book. If Mr. Moult himself will not agree that Archibald MacLeish's Reproach to Dead Poets, which appeared in the Yale Review some time last winter, is

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one of the best poems of the year, or of five years, the reviewer will cheerfully memorize every line of The Best Poems of 1929, including Mr. Vachel Lindsay's rhetorical announcement of the rise of a braver, hardier, more cavalier generation, and Mr. Carl Sandburg's lush note about the bluejays that called "another lovely morning" to the statue of Lincoln. The same wager is as confidently offered on Louise Bogan's Old Countryside, which appeared in Scribner's during the spring, and is included in her new book, Dark Summer. Mr. Moult does not quote it, but we have space here for the final verses:

"Long since, we pulled brown oak leaves to the ground.
In a winter of dry trees; we heard the cock
Shout its unplaceable cry, the ax's sound
Delay a moment after the ax's stroke.

"Far back, we saw, in the stillest of the year
The scrawled vine shudder, and the rose-branch show
Red to the thorns, and, sharp as sight can bear,
The thin hound's body arched against the snow."

The second collection of Miss Bogan's hard-bitten verses is not always the easiest sort of reading. Her extremely condensed style sometimes results in obscurities which are not cleared up without a number of readings, but the results are worth the effort, particularly in the case of The Mark. Since the publication of her first book she has grown in power and in her range of interests, although she is still concerned frequently with the adapting of the soul to circumstances which it resents. But if we may borrow a suggestion from Summer Wish, there are two voices within her: one implacable, the other proclaiming the detachment which comes from looking upon the largeness and the oneness of nature. Never merely decorative, but always hung to the purposes of one or the other of these moods, are the pictures which she beautifully evokes. In them she rejects all transitory aspects, attempting to determine the relationship, and the moment, in which their elements will come into the perfection of permanence. And she will dissect that moment with a most intent deliberation, trying to make it deliver up all past and future. What she discovers there is put down in writing which would not be more sparse if she had to chisel every line of it in steel. The elaboration of the word means less to her than strength of conception. All her words are naked.

More obviously of the metaphysical poets because her language is classically in their tradition is Leonie Adams, and it is her language which accounts for the rather strange, old-worldly beauty of many poems in High Falcon. Like all writers who prefer the ancient tones, she does not describe a scene with which we may all be perfectly familiar without giving it a quality of remoteness; assigning it to an age other than our own. An example is the opening verse of Winter Solstice:

"December, mortal season, crusts
The dark snows shuffled in the street,
And rims the lamp with sleet.
The beggar, houseless, chill, and thin,
Leans to the chestnut vendor's coals,
The cart creaks off which trails the winter bush,
And the thick night shuts in."

And in the same poem are lines which almost parody the later Elizabethan manner:

"Those pheasants whose proud tread
Made royal summer fields

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Hang speckled crop to crop,
And strung before the gamester's shop
The hare stares out with frozen eye."

But Miss Adams knows what she is about, and if her poetry is bookish, it is bravely so. She is at ease in the most intricate rhythms; she has both the knowledge and the craftsmanship to bring off what she has attempted.

The deftness with which she works has not been granted to Merrill Moore. His quality is exuberance; if Miss Adams is a reflective poet, he is one who exclaims. He is interested in everything under the sun, and gets his ideas everywhere: the city streets, the laboratory, the graveyard, and from such things as billboards and telephone wires. He writes of them (will he pardon this school-room word?) mischievously, out of an abundance of high spirits. There are surprises almost in every line, although to provide them he has to dynamite into a hilarious wreckage the venerable architecture of the sonnet.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Arcadian Panacea

This Ugly Civilization, By Ralph Borsodi. New York: Simon and Schuster.

THE title of Mr. Borsodi's book is misleading. It seems to imply a civilization which produces ugliness where it should produce beauty, which builds museums that distress the eye, and which disfigures streets and parks with monuments that are the flowering of the commonplace. What Mr. Borsodi has in mind is rather an unlovely civilization, hard, grasping, and mechanical, which lacks leisure for enjoyment and intelligence to enjoy.

The picture he draws is a harsh one, true in part, but with its bright edges blackened into gloom. Mass production has built up giant fortunes; but the wages it pays buy less and less as they grow bigger and bigger. All classes are extravagant, but every year sees more men and women living in closets and eating in drug stores. We know that conditions could and should be bettered; but reforming the civilized world is a task as demonstrable on paper as it is inoperative in action.

Mr. Borsodi's cure-alls are simple and thorough. He sees two great evils in modern life, the factory and the Church. Destroy both, and mankind will become healthy, wealthy and wise. He really and truly regrets that "the music of the spinning wheel, the rhythm of the loom" are no longer heard in the land. He really and truly believes that small farms will solve the problem of living: "A poultry yard, a pig or two, and a herd of sheep and goats can furnish us with the great bulk of our foodstuffs." The touching thing about the book is its idyllic picture of farm life, so care-free, so pleasant, so remarkably easy, so innocent of defeat. That terrible old saying, "Nature hates a farmer," has evidently not come the author's way.

Mr. Borsodi's antagonism to religion is every whit as pronounced as his antagonism to factories. The beauty and distinction which religion has brought into the world are no more to his liking than are the creature comforts that have followed in the wake of the factory. The intellectual aspect of the Church makes no stronger appeal to him than does her austere comeliness. He sees in the Bible only "a compilation of some of the sacred books of a barbaric Semitic people, and the writings of the followers of a possibly mythical Jewish messiah." He is quite comfortably sure that "churches, preachers and religions have merely an ethnological interest for intelligent

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NEXT WEEK

Belief in prohibition is most frequently based on the premise that the drink evil, in intensity and extent, is the most important social problem we face as a nation. THE EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER, by J. Elliot Ross, is an exposition of a personal experience with regard to prohibition. Father Ross's article is interesting, in consequence, because it traces his progress from a moderate drinker, to a teetotaler, and finally to an advocate of national prohibition. . . . Michael Williams, continuing his discussion of the aspects of publicity, particularizes on CATHOLIC PUBLICITY, a quality which is more conspicuous for its absence than for its existence. . . . Organized labor has turned its attention toward the South, which has so recently been the scene of deplorable conflicts between strikers and mill owners. Broadus Mitchell in FROWNING AT THE SOUTH declares that these conflicts "are really battles between the northern and southern branches" of the mill industries. . . . Princess Catharine Radziwill, whose The Iberian Virgin will be pleasantly remembered, describes another phase of the Soviet war on religion. PAGANS IN RUSSIA deals with the tribes of idol worshipers who have been protected by the authorities. . . . VOLITION AND THE NOVEL by John Chamberlain draws the interesting conclusion that the fault of the modern novel lies in the fact that authors have denied their characters any moral responsibility. . . . L. A. G. Strong's graphic character sketch, OLD MICHAEL, which was crowded out of the Book Number, will also make its appearance.

people," and that "if the masses of mankind were to follow their more intelligent fellows in so regarding them, the gain to social health would be invaluable."

For breadth and thinness few generalizations can surpass this. Intolerance is the most indestructible of human qualities. The fundamentalist and the freethinker share it evenly, and give it the same animated expression. To threaten your fellow creatures with a hell of your prescribing is an ugly thing to do; but to speak with coarse contempt of things which your neighbor holds sacred and dear is certainly not beautiful. To say that the intellectual life of the average citizen is "paralyzed by a regular reading of newspapers, popular magazines and church attendance," is to be cocksure of the doubtful. In the first place, the average citizen has no intellectual life. In the second place, newspaper editors, though Mr. Borsodi may not think so, are often men of intelligence; and it sometimes happens that a good magazine is popular. In the third place, the average clergyman is apt to be as sagacious and as well informed as his average parishioner, which is not claiming much. A fine adjustment of life and mind to experience may produce a sceptic, a philosopher or a man of faith; but never a loud-voiced contemner of the forces which have led man on his way, and built up the imperfect civilizations of the world.

AGNES REPPLIER.

The War

God Have Mercy on Us!, by William T. Scanlon. $2.50; "It's a Great War!", by Mary Lee. $3.00. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

PROBABLY the truth about the war will never be told. We have not instruments to grasp a phenomenon so vast, to render to scale its brutalities, its blunders and its exaltations, or to measure the momentum with which it rolled across the life of the world, seeming to efface the normal pattern of the human will like the pressure of doom. And if we had, there is no reader living who is saint and sage enough to comprehend the quality of the whole, to bless and condemn finally. If we have faith, it helps us to delimit that part of the picture which must be taken on faith. If we have justice and humanity, they find their specific objects. But nothing but the wisdom of eternity will enable us to understand it all.

These three narratives all have the advantage of first-hand material and strict seriousness of purpose; all add, unquestionably, to our knowledge of the war; all give us, in degrees, a stricken sense of its futility; all excite us with a renewed perception of the deathless courage of our race; and all fail to convince us that they have told the whole truth.

Mr. Scanlon's novel frankly does not pretend to do so. It is the least depressing, and in some ways the most remarkable. For one thing, he retains his grip on the fact that war is, whatever else it may be, a matter of soldiering. He was evidently a very good soldier, and his recital has the competence and simplicity which come from being centered about the workmanlike doing of a job. But this sergeant of marines, who began his active life as a stockyard hand in Chicago, has more positive literary merits. He writes with complete integrity, and not as a publicist for his corps. He can describe the most stirring or grisly episodes swiftly, objectively, and yet quite without that affectation of indifference which makes Mr. Hemingway's style, for instance, such a sophisticated and often such a wearing medium. And he has an occasional power of con-

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centrated suggestion which marks him as a genuine artist, though perhaps an unconscious one. His story is straitly limited to his own career, but it is probably the most representative account of the fighting man that the war has brought forth. It conveys with a faithfulness that is startling the double mind of the soldier.

Miss Lee's book evidently derives its outline from its author's own experiences in clerical work at the rear, and in canteen work near the front and with the army of occupation in Germany. Geographically, it thus covers more ground than Mr. Scanlon's, with which it shares the $25,000 Houghton Mifflin and American Legion prize. Nevertheless it relates a smaller experience. It is full of appallingly convincing reporting about the demoralization of the rear-line workers and the men on leave, and what it says cannot for a moment be disregarded. But Miss Lee is out to stop war, and while no more noble purpose can be imagined today, a thesis is not the stuff of which an enduring novel is made. There is much more of the immortal preservative in Mr. Scanlon's straightforward account of battle, murder and sudden death.

The author of the third book was a soldier in the German army at the age of eighteen—the age of his hero and the hero's comrades, of whom he says: "Now if we go back we will be weary, burnt out, rootless and without hope. We will not be able to find our way any more." So finely has the work been done, so haunting and intolerable are the pictures of these boys clinging together in half-childish comradeship, with their gutted lives, their docility to disaster, their humble despair, that one feels temerarious indeed in speaking any word of dissent. And yet do not the records of human anguish show a further term of anguish beyond mere despair; show a point of illumination that has never come otherwise to men, a rare but everlasting moment of Christlike comprehension and heroic peace? Herr Remarque has written well enough to deserve this question. Some soul in his little band of lost youth must have felt this final fruition of pain. If his book, dealing so convincingly and unbearably with pain, does not last, it will be because he has omitted that soul.

MARY KOLARS.

Through Germany with Newman

Seeing Germany, by E. M. Newman. New York: The Funk and Wagnalls Company. $5.00.

IN E. M. NEWMAN'S books, as in his travelogues, his pictures are better than his text. This new contribution to the "seeing" series takes in everything. It goes from the "City of Friendship" (Munich) with its art treasures, through Bavaria into the religious, artistic atmosphere of Oberammergau; from Lake Constance to Stuttgart; then to the Black Forest, Nuremberg, Rothenburg, Augsburg, Eisenach, Regansburg or Ratisbon, Bayreuth, Weimar and Dresden. There are illuminating views of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Frankfort, the Rhine, of course; followed by Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Berlin, Potsdam and the ports of the north.

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relations of the contrasting Goethe and Schiller who were perfect friends, writing to each other daily when not together.

But in Dresden, who can forgive Mr. Newman for skipping over the Sistine Madonna with a mere reference and an illustration? Leipsig is well done in regard to Luther and Händel, dramatically contrasted. However, Mr. Newman does not sense the Catholic attitude when he says: "Large numbers of Americans come here each year, showing as much interest in what they see as does the Roman Catholic who visits Rome and views its monuments and relics"—as though some Americans were not Roman Catholics! In fact the Roman Catholic knows as much about Luther, if not more, than the Lutherans and other Protestants.

Mr. Newman welcomes a visit to Heidelberg. Who would not? He gives pleasant pictures of city avenues, fountains, the River Neckar, romances such as Prince Karl's; the "booky" atmosphere; fencing; the famous university. Frankfort, the city of the Rothschilds, of "stock exchanges and world-wide financial influence," where Schopenhauer, the philosopher, lived and died, where the Grimm brothers wrote their fairy tales and from which came Goethe, "the greatest European soul," has its elaborations. The attractions of Coblenz are outstanding to us nationally because that city is more familar to America now than before our soldiers were stationed there in the army of occupation. We are told about the Rhenish wines. Bonn, where Beethoven was born, is vividly portrayed. And we go to Cologne. The cathedral, probably the most widely discussed religious edifice, aside from Saint Peter's in Rome, is enlarged upon in the text, though not particularly featured in pictures.

Mr. Newman's Berlin is worth while in as much as it is an intimate story—a heart one—telling of yesterday and today, the "before" and "after"; how the capitol is the exponent of the national spirit, the soul of the German people, and of their character and culture; and the promise of an immediate glorious future under an entirely new but well-settled political régime. That tale with its references to recent history, the haunts of the former kaiser, the cataclysm, and the final fall of the curtain under the calcium of the world, accompanied by a universal sympathy, is sublime drama.

Potsdam is luring. It is chock-full of the enticing. Much is said of Frederick the Great and his Sans Souci and their associations.

The best things in the book are the 300 illustrations from original photographs. There is, however, little connection between the pictures and the text. As a whole, the volume has not the directness nor the accuracy of a Baedeker, nor the generous erudition of an enthusiastic traveler who knows and appreciates the magnets in great places that haunt and lure with the thrill of "seeing" things, realizing all that he has brought with him. Mr. Newman tells too much and not enough. He lists like a catalogue, with little explanation of things important. Some may consider this his fault on page and platform, though he is better on the latter because his speech is confined to the pictures, generally so excellent that they express themselves fully to the student traveler.

The text evidences an extravagant use of the personal pronoun and there is a poverty of adjectives, almost as unpleasant as the author's frequent use of "pleasant." He is also strangely indefinite. Indeed, his generalities regarding Germany are almost applicable to any other continental country or nation. The preface is especially faulty in regard to this; and, without reference to persons and places, is indicative of what the prospective purchaser of the book may expect.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

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Toward Christian Union

The Reunion of Christendom: A Survey of the Present Position, edited by Sir James Marchant. New York: Henry Holt. $3.00.

TO A Catholic reviewer, the only contributor to this symposium who knows where he stands is Cardinal Bourne. Clearly, perhaps somewhat emphatically, Cardinal Bourne states the Catholic position: there can be no unity without the acceptance of the whole Catholic faith as taught by Rome.

If this is perfectly clear and definite, it is equally clear that no corporate body outside of the Roman Catholic Church is willing to give that acceptance. Consequently, the reunion of the whole of Christendom seems to be postponed to an indefinite future.

Nevertheless, it is also clear that something is stirring in the non-Roman churches. Important leaders—possibly whole bodies—are wistfully seeking after some sort of union. And a rapprochement has actually been accomplished between some churches. Certainly there is a different spirit abroad from that of fifty years ago.

No one can read the evidently sincere statements in this book—and especially the concluding paper of W. E. Orchard—without a yearning sympathy for these strugglers. Their efforts are not to be superciliously ridiculed. At least we can pray that the Light which enlighteneth every man who cometh into this world will some day enable them to see the true basis for Christian unity.

And in the meantime we can cultivate a spirit of charity that will keep us from adding to the misunderstandings already existing. It is fifty-five years since Newman penned his reply to Gladstone, yet the words of his introduction are unfortunately still true: "There are those among us, as it must be confessed, who for years past have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds: who have stated truths in the most paradoxical form, and stretched principles till they were close upon snapping; and who at length, having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of putting out the flame." That is not the way to further reunion.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

Literature

Hills and the Sea, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

SO MANY books by Hilaire Belloc have recently appeared that those all too numerous souls who manifest their interest in literature principally by reading and gossiping about reviews and publishers' announcements may consider a reissue of one of his old books to be rather unnecessary. The axiom that we may have too much even of a good thing generally is sound enough. But those readers who have learned how to recognize and to enjoy genuine literature: readers to whom good prose is like good music—something to which one may and should return again and again—will welcome this reissue of one of the best of Belloc's good books.

Among many reasons why, there are three principal ones: first, because they themselves will wish to reread a very noble and beautiful piece of work; second, because they will recognize their duty to bring such a book to the attention and knowledge of others, urged by the precept of charity to the neighbor; third, because it is a strong proof of the vitality and perdurability of Belloc. First published more than twenty years ago, it

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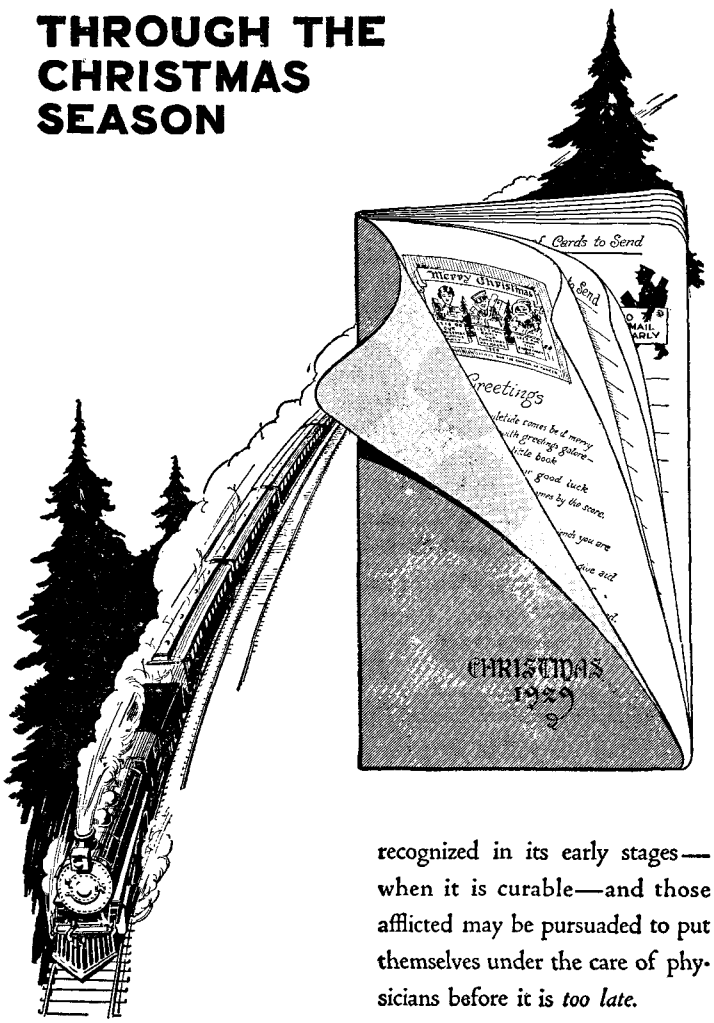

THE generosity of the American public is limitless. Last year its contribution to the American Society for the Control of Cancer made possible a campaign of publicity which unquestionably saved many lives. The entire purpose of the Society is to disseminate information in regard to cancer so that the disease may be recognized in its early stages—when it is curable—and those afflicted may be pursuaded to put themselves under the care of physicians before it is *too late.*

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has gone through almost as many editions as years. And this in spite of the fact that it is a collection of brief essays and sketches, miscellaneous in subject, contributed to newspapers as they were written here and there, on this and on that. A sail at sea in an open boat; a walking trip in the Pyrenees; a chance encounter with a singing tinsmith, and another with a tramp who shared an onion with the writer; adventures, but of the soul even more than of the body, in Africa, in many parts of Europe, in his own fields at home.

The latter are perhaps the most wonderful. The word is used advisedly: for it is a wonderful thing to find a book of brief prose pieces so full of music: so full also of the expression of that rare kind of thinking which is the cause of thought in others. There are pages in this book which will become permanent in English literature, The Good Woman, for example, and The Harbor in the North. The illustrations by Donald Maxwell in their own medium share many of the qualities of Belloc's prose: they are simple, strong, suggestive and charming; they take you out of doors, as does the book.

T. C.

No Epitaph

Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

A FIRST volume of verse is a promise; a collected edition is usually an epitaph. But Edwin Arlington Robinson decidedly has a way of avoiding poetical interment. Once before, some half-dozen years ago, his publishers had him under a nice white stone with a collected edition of respectable weight and reputation. The Man against the Sky, The Town down the River, The Three Taverns—these were already a part of our literature; even if nothing more had happened, Mr. Robinson would have been ranked as the most considerable American poet of his era. But more did happen—a great deal more. Since 1923 this veteran of many decades has produced Roman Bartholow, Dionysus in Doubt, The Man Who Died Twice, Tristram, and Cavender's House—any three of which would form a trio of masculine studies without parallel in twentieth-century poetry. The mass and carry of his poetic energy seems to be still unimpaired, and, aided by a lengthening garrulity (almost pardonable in a man who sees so many and such diverse aspects of any given situation) Mr. Robinson seems to be rounding into a lusty second harvest, from which he will glean many a collection before the epitaph-chiselers get him.

After reading the full thousand pages of Mr. Robinson's work, one feels that the man is beset by a single dramatic problem, the same problem that gripped Sophocles and obsessed Shakespeare. Briefly stated, the thesis seems to be: "Can any man escape the fate that is dealt out to him in his own character?" In a hundred victims, ranging from Flammonde through Miniver Cheevy and Leonardo Nash to the gigantic figure of Tristram, the poet anatomizes the psychic flaw that dooms men to suffering and defeat. He is apparently interested in men only; in the dramatis personae of his poems, no woman is accorded a principal part. And no little men are permitted to strut his stage. His characters all have a touch of genius; solid erudition, elegant manners and something royal in their walk, make Mr. Robinson's protagonists approach the classic ideal of a kingly figure, the prerequisite of high tragedy.

How does he handle this regal material? Dramatically, and wholly in the psychic realm. There is no lyric trace, no physical action and very little narrative structure in any of his pieces. The passion and poignancy of a poem like Tristram

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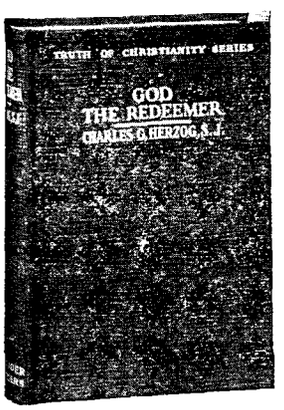

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depend almost wholly upon the skill (and dramatic truth) with which the poet locks his man up in an unbreakable vise of balanced forces. The language, though distinguished and highly wrought, is quite secondary to the dramatic situation. No matter what the hero says, or how long he takes to say it, we behold the spear of his own character sticking fatally in his side. He may psychologize and refine for twenty pages, but he is a dead man before he begins to talk, and we can only await the fearfully dramatic climax when he decides to pull the iron out of his soul.

If we would stop regarding Mr. Robinson as a Tennysonian offshoot (the romantic Arthurians are to blame for that error) and think of him in terms of the Greeks, and possibly Browning, we would be taking the first step toward understanding this massively dramatic poet. He is sometimes dull, as Milton and the ocean are dull. It is probably true that Edwin Arlington Robinson could be cut to advantage, but there is no man living who is big enough or old enough to insert the knife.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Juvenilia and Up

ADULTS most frequently find themselves at sea when it comes to selecting books for a child, since it is difficult to remember just what did please and interest them at the ages of ten, twelve and fourteen. Again it is even more difficult to determine if the tastes of a child are normal for his or her age. Briefly reviewing some of the season's crop of books for youngsters is, therefore, an undertaking which can merely aim to be helpful with no guarantee that the purpose will be achieved.

One feels more safe than usual, however, in recommending fairy stories, and Dorothy Emmrich's translation of Capuana's Italian Fairy Tales (Dutton) answers this description most charmingly. Even grown-ups will enjoy many of these adventures into the fanciful, as well as the slightly sophisticated drawings which plentifully illustrate the text. Another early childhood book is The Siamese Cat, by Elizabeth Morse (Dutton) which employs an oriental setting for a simple narration of a little boy's adventure with animals. The Runaway Sardine, by Emma L. Brock (Knopf) is for the very young who like many pictures and large letters. V. M. Hillyer has written A Child's Geography of the World (Century) which will capture the fancy of the most backward pupil and answer many questions which otherwise would be directed parentward.

Tim Towser, by Robert Joseph Diven (Century) and The Chief of the Herd, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, are books about a dog and an elephant respectively. Both should appeal to the middle group of children, a little bit superior to elves and gnomes and not old enough for Treasure Island. This latter class will find that Vaino, by Julia Davis Adams (Dutton) the story of a Finnish boy during the world war, and Two Boys in South American Jungles, by Grace B. Jekyll (Dutton) cut to its taste. Although Joscelyn of the Forts, by Gertrude Crownfield (Dutton) is advertised as a story for girls, presumably in their early teens, boys of like age will also enjoy this New York frontier story dealing with the last French and Indian War. Another book of like tenor is The Jumping Off Place, by Marian Hurd McNeely (Longmans) which describes Dakota pioneer life as children lived it. The more swashbuckling The Red Prior's Legacy, by Alfred H. Bill (Longmans) appeals to more mature readers than the foregoing, but both boys and girls in their middle teens will find it a nice parallel to such tales as The Days of Bruce, and The Lion of Flanders.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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The question of **What to Read** is one which is repeatedly raised. Indeed it has become so insistent that agencies have been formed for the sole purpose of providing an answer with due regard for individual tastes and preferences.

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Briefer Mention

Three Comedies of Shakespeare; with decorations by James Daugherty. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THERE can never be too many good illustrations for Shakespeare. After all, the painter has as much right to interpret a character as the actor himself; and when the subject-matter is so poetic as The Tempest, he is likely to succeed better. Mr. James Daugherty has, it must be conceded, not labored in the spirit of Abbey or the Pre-Raphaelities. His more than ninety drawings, which include three colored plates, evoke Elizabethan moods with an expressionistic use of the grotesque, a robustness of gesture and a gift for farce which seem genuinely significant. A plague upon your whimpering idealizations of the Bard! Here Rosalind wears her mannish clothes with a swagger, Shylock is a glorious fiend, and Portia speaks her "mercy" speech without a lisp. The pictures are all right and enjoyable, even if one would have liked to see, occasionally, more firmness of contour. What Shakespearean would be without such a book? We even find ourselves wishing it could be used in schools as a text—so much better are its pictures than a batch of notes.

Bolivar the Liberator, by Michel Vaucaire. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

MICHEL VAUCAIRE has written a swift-moving story of the life of Simon Bolivar, one of the most fascinating men that the western hemisphere has produced. As a portrait of the general, this book leaves something to be desired, but as the chronicle of his adventures, it is completely satisfactory. If it fails to be widely read, at least the explanation will not be that it is unexciting.

Twentieth-Century Love Poems; compiled by Caroline Miles Hill. New York: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.50.

THE reading of this book will inevitably lead to the conviction that love in the twentieth century is very much the same as love in the nineteenth. It will also bolster the notion that wherever poetry is collected and classified according to subject or mood, it becomes very tedious.

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